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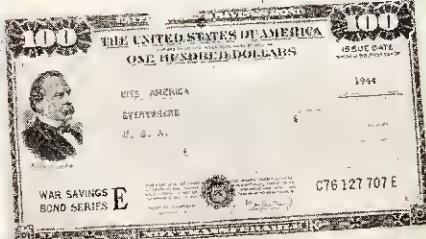
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ALLIES IN THE

Coming together from the United States,
Canada, and England, they learned a lot from
camping besides how to be good campers

By EVA-LIS WUORIO

say, "Why, Joan," Joan sighed.

"This is the first time Anne and Sheila have been at a Canadian camp," Miss Walters said slowly, "and we want them to like not only camping but Canada, too. I suggested you as their partner for this trip. I thought . . ."

She couldn't finish her sentence, for a small hurricane hit them; Anne came down the slope above the beach with a swoop, threw her swimming suit, towel, tooth brush and paste and a few other items all over the loaded canoe and shouted gaily.

"Here I am. Where's the blanket roll? I forgot these! Let's go!"

Meanwhile a slender, fair girl had come quietly down the beach. She stood watching the short, merry American with her long bob of waving brown hair. Then she turned to Joan who, with her black hair tied neatly back with a shoestring, was standing very straight and stiff.

"Joan, you paddle stern; Anne, bow. Sheila and I'll team up," Miss Walters said.

Ahead of them stretched the waters of Lake Temagami, island-speckled and lovely in the morning sun. The pine trees sent out a pungent tang and the water sparkled.

Joan loved this north country. She had been coming here for three years, and the wilderness which had frightened her at first seemed friendly to her now. She lifted her face to the sun and felt again the thrill and anticipation of the beginning of a trip. And then sudden, hot resentment surged through her at the thought of these two strangers who were



Indians were sitting on the steps of the wide veranda at the post.

PINES

spoiling it for her.

"I was going over to Wa-Ko-Bin tonight," Anne spoke from the bow.

"The boys' camp!" Joan said.

"My cousin Dick's there," Anne explained. "The family must have gone mad or something; they sent all of us to Canada this summer. He said they were having a wiener roast and a sing-song. And then I had to come on this trip!"

Joan didn't say anything. She'd known it would be bad, but this was too much! That there actually could be a person who wasn't dying to go on an overnight trip!

"I wonder whether the mail launch comes today," they heard Sheila ask in the other canoe.

This time Joan exploded. "Do you mean you'd rather have stayed at camp and waited for the mail?" she shouted.

"Oh, no," Sheila said, but she didn't sound at all convincing.

"Oh, no," Anne mimicked her accent and laughed. "You talk so funny!"

The next two hours they paddled in silence past Chimo, through the Half Way Islands, and up the open stretch toward Bear Island. Even Miss Walters was unusually quiet.

Finally Joan said, "There's a Hudson Bay post on Bear Island. Do you want to land and get some chocolate bars and sardines and stuff? We usually do."

"Super," Anne said.

"I'll wait for you here," Miss Walters said when they drew up beside the dock.

There were Indians sitting on the steps of the wide veranda at the post and a lot of black-haired, black-eyed Indian children running about. Sheila didn't say anything, but she lagged behind and Joan had an



"If she hasn't any money with her," Joan thought, glancing at Sheila, "she could at least come over and say so gracefully."

odd feeling that she was scared.

"They're Ojibways," she explained to Anne who was walking beside her. "They've lived around here for hundreds of years. The Hudson Bay traders used to come here even before the post was opened in eighteen hundred and something."

"All those men have knives stuck in their belts," Sheila's voice sounded a little strained behind them.

"A lot of them still wear moccasins and bead belts, too," Joan continued, ignoring Sheila's implication. "Otherwise they've taken to modern ways. Except in foods," she added. "They eat all sorts of queer things."

The store was crowded with visitors from different camps. At one end was the food counter and next to it the candies and a cooler for drinks and ice cream. The rest of the large, low room was filled with tables piled high with Hudson Bay blankets and coats, all sorts of clothing, racks full of moccasins, axes and knives, and lots of Indian-made wooden, leather, and beadwork articles.

Anne and Sheila walked

around fascinated, Anne shouting her pleasure, Sheila's eyes shining with interest. Joan was buying half a dozen chocolate bars, two tins of sardines, some soda biscuits, and a lemon to squeeze on the sardines. Anne came up as the purchases were being put in a bag.

"I'll pay half of it," she said, and counted her money from the pocket in her belt.

Joan glanced at Sheila, but she was looking intently at some moccasins, her face very red. "If she hasn't any money with her," Joan thought, "she could at least come over and say so gracefully."

Anne added several packages of gum to their purchases and then they started back to the canoes. On the steps a tall boy, hair bleached white and skin tanned a deep brown, hailed Joan.

"Hi kid! What are you up to?"

"Going up to Kokoko," Joan called back.

The boy came up to them with long steps, followed by a

dark boy who looked like an Indian.

Joan turned to Anne and Sheila. "This is Jack Bjornsen," she said. "He comes up here every year."

"Hi," he said. "And this is Joe Bear. His father is the Ojibway chief. He calls the square dances Saturday nights. If the bears don't get you up at Kokoko, perhaps we'll see you at the dance?"

"You bet," said Anne. "He's nice," she added as they tossed their loot into the grub box.

"Do Canadians really dance with the Indians?" Sheila asked.

"Don't forget that they're Canadians, too. After all, they owned this land to begin with, didn't they?"

"We don't dance with the natives in India or Africa," said Sheila primly.

"You wouldn't," Joan said, as she climbed into her canoe.

In silence they followed the Bear Island shore line until they were opposite the mouth of Kokoko.

"Let's have lunch now," Miss Walters called.

Joan made for a rocky island where pine trees leaned the way of the prevailing wind, and brought the nose of the canoe neatly into a little cove. Anne jumped out, pushing the canoe off again as she did so. She went dashing up the rocks, shouting, "This place is crawling with blueberries!"

"Hey, look what you did," Joan called.

"Sorry," Anne was already eating the berries and she didn't come back.

Sheila was clumsy getting out of her canoe, but she helped Miss Walters pull it up and started to unload everything she could lay hands on.

"We only need the grub box," Joan said.

"Oh, sorry," Sheila flushed.

The morning breeze was freshening into gusts that picked up the napkins and the used sandwich wrappings.

"Hadn't we better get to our camping place before it really begins to blow?" Joan asked.

Miss Walters looked at the

sky. "You're right, Joan. This'll be our last open stretch. We'd better push on."

The storm caught them half-way across, and Joan had a bad time keeping her canoe headed into the waves. She had to admit that Anne did yeoman work. In the other canoe Sheila was hardly any help at all. Miss Walters was battling the waves alone.

They weren't much better off in Kokoko Bay. Little flurries rose, first from one side and then from the other, and forced Joan and Anne to ply their paddles until their arms and backs ached.

"We'd better pick the first decent place to camp," Miss Walters shouted.

"Okay," Joan puffed. "Some wind!"

They kept their eyes pealed for the flat rocks that marked possible camping spots on the wild shoreline.

"There's a clearing just around that point," Joan called finally.

As they pulled the canoes up in the lea of the island Joan turned to Sheila.

"This time you can unload it all."

Sheila went red again. "Jumping junipers," Joan thought, "doesn't she do anything but blush?"

"How about you having a rest while we fix up?" Anne asked. Miss Walters after a glance at her tired face.

"I'm afraid that's what I'll have to do. The way I feel I wouldn't be much help in setting up camp."

"It must have been a stiff paddle for you with so little help," Joan remarked.

Sheila looked utterly miserable as they got a blanket from the bed roll and the thoroughly weary counsellor walked away and curled up in the shelter of a thick old spruce tree.

There were no tent poles in sight, so Joan set out with the axe.

"You could start the fire," she called over her shoulder to Anne. "Build a small fireplace with rocks. Very little kindling

(Continued on page 57)

They came crashing through the underbrush and found her clutching her bleeding leg.



BLYTH Actress

At fifteen, Ann Blyth's lifelong ambition to be a fine movie performer is coming true

By JEAN BROWNLEE

STARAZERS know that the stars never set over Hollywood, and a new sparkler may appear on the movie horizon even while you are watching. One day, a young actress is an unknown. The next, after perhaps a single screen performance, she is famous—besieged by autograph hunters, deluged with fan mail, sought by interviewers and photographers, requested to make personal appearance tours of theaters and trips to Army camps as an entertainer—all, apparently, on the basis of an overnight success. It all seems so miraculously swift and easy that girls who read about it start dreaming—and even dream up the notion that there is nothing to the trick but a bit of luck.

The trouble with such notions about overnight success and luck is that they are all wrong. There is no such thing as scoring an overnight hit in films without long preparation, and luck plays a very minor role in most cinema success stories. Look at Ann Blyth, Hollywood's latest young sensation, who would seem to have become a star without any effort at all. Her very first picture part, opposite Donald O'Connor in Universal's "Chip Off the Old Block," made her famous. It brought her stardom with Donald O'Connor and Peggy Ryan in another Universal comedy, "The Merry Monahans," which will be released soon. Now she's at work



in an important role in "Merri-ly We Sing," with Peggy Ryan, June Preisser, and Leon Errol. What could seem more like success without effort than such immediate fame? Until you know the story behind the story. Ann is fifteen years old. Behind her sensational screen debut lie ten years of acting, singing, and study.

In fact, Ann has had two debuts. Her first moment of triumph was just as impressive and unheralded as her first screen role. It took place on Broadway in Lillian Hellman's drama, "Watch on the Rhine." Ann played the role of Babette, with Paul Lukas as her stage



Ann's unusual Irish beauty has captured the willing hearts of both movie-goers and theater audiences.

Ann, Donald O'Connor, and Peggy Ryan enjoy swinging down to Sound Stage 12 on the Universal lot.

father. She was lavishly praised in all the reviews. A huge party was given in her honor at the Astor Theater, where the orchestra played her favorite selections. Her room was heaped with flowers. Congratulations arrived in a steady stream of telegrams. This moment of triumph was the culmination of a long apprenticeship in radio acting and solid practice on her own. Luck had little to do with it, though—just to be on the safe side—Ann had gone on the stage that opening night with a rabbit's foot and a four-leaf clover in her pocket and a horseshoe in her dressing room!

Mt. Kisco, New York, is the lucky town where Ann was born on August 16, 1928. Ann learned her three R's at St. Stephen's and St. Patrick's schools and also studied at the

Professional Children's School, all three of which are in New York City. By that time she was a veteran radio actress, having played her initial role before a microphone (the part of Germaine in "The Chimes of Normandy") when she was only five years old. While she continued to act regularly over the air waves, she took lessons in dancing and dramatics at the Ned Wayburn School and also sang with the San Carlo Opera Company.

Once on Broadway, Ann acted in "Watch on the Rhine" for eleven months, and then went on tour with the company for another nine months. She had the thrill of playing a special performance for President and Mrs. Roosevelt in the National Theater, Washington, and of having supper at the White House. As if that were not enough to inspire awe in even a seasoned trooper, she had been treated to a reception at Washington's Union Station and a police escort to whisk her down Pennsylvania Avenue to her hotel. Long before "Watch on the Rhine" closed, Ann's noticeably good acting had attracted the attention of Hollywood scouts and brought her a contract with Universal.

One quality of Ann's which

always astonishes the veteran picture people who work with her on the set is her unusual coolness in front of the camera. Crises in production which send experienced players and staff personnel into tantrums leave her completely unruffled. Charles Lamont, director of "The Merry Monahans," who has been turning out feature pictures for the past twenty years, says she is the most poised and composed young actress he has ever encountered in all that time. She has yet to forget or bungle a single line of dialogue in her cinema career. She has never spoiled a scene by nervousness.

Talent plus work plus experience—that's the magic formula. Ann's stage presence shows that she has the ability to learn from her experience and put it to work for her.

Ann goes to school at the studio. The Los Angeles Board of Education requires regular school attendance of its players who are not yet eighteen. Ann is a first-rate student and gets A and B marks in all her subjects. History is her best subject; then come English and civics. Ann is a writer, too. She is one of the editors of Universal's school paper. On the all-star editorial staff with her

are Patsy O'Connor, Donald's fourteen-year-old niece who also sings and dances and plays comedy-drama roles in Universal pictures, and Gloria Jean, Anne Rooney, and Jean Davis, all on the studio acting roster.

Ann has always been a motion picture fan. When she isn't signing autograph albums for her own admirers, she is out collecting them for herself from other film stars. Her latest acquisition is from Jack Oakie, who acts with her in "The Merry Monahans." Oakie scrawled in her book, "To Ann—the road is wide open. Go out there and kill them. You've got everything. Love and good luck, always."

Most feminine screen stars are horrified if anyone tells them they look like any other famous actress. Ann looks a bit like Merle Oberon, and she is delighted when anyone notices this resemblance. She admires Miss Oberon tremendously, and wants to be a serious dramatic actress like the Tasmanian beauty. Vivian Leigh, Greer Garson and Bette Davis are other actresses whose glittering footsteps Ann hopes to follow, as her grasp of screen technique increases. She may even become more famous (though she would deny this) because her remarkably pure lyric soprano voice promises a singing career as well as an acting career.

You may be thinking now that Ann Blyth is a pretty lucky girl, after all. When you hear that she is an accomplished pianist, too, you'll be sure of it. She likes to play the piano or read movie scripts in her free time. Sports head the list of her other extracurricular activities—swimming, ice skating, bowling, badminton, skiing, bicycling, and tennis. Paul Lukas is her favorite actor; Bob Hope, her preferred radio performer; Glenn Miller, the band leader she likes best; and Franz Schubert, her best-loved composer. With so many stars to hitch her wagon to, and so many talents, Ann will surely keep on riding toward the heights in her dreams.



When Franchot Tone comes to visit the set of "Chip Off the Old Block," Ann is thrilled. Mr. Tone looks pretty pleased, too. Actor Ernest Truex does the honors. This is just one of the experiences Ann will surely remember for a long time.





How to Take BETTER PICTURES

It's no snap to take good photos, so heed these instructions from one who knows

By T/SGT. DAVID W. DeARMAND
Instructor, Dept. of Photography,
A. A. F. Training Command,
Lowry Field, Colorado

TAKING snapshots is fun, but taking interesting, good pictures is a lot more fun. A sharp eye, a little smart headwork before you click the shutter, and practice make the difference between just another snapshot and a picture you'll be proud to have taken.

The kind of camera you have is not nearly so important as the girl behind the camera. Of course, you can't very well use a box camera for fast action shots, but you can get excellent photographs with it. Even if your camera is aged, it may very well boast a fine lens and an excellent shutter. The first thing to do to get better pictures is to go over your camera carefully, when it has no film in it, and make sure that you thoroughly understand its operation. If you have any doubts about what some gadget is for, take your camera to a reliable photo shop for an explanation of its use. You can't get the most out of your camera unless you know it so well that

you can operate it almost automatically.

Because photography is playing such an important part in the war, all photographic materials may be difficult to get and must be conserved; so make every shot count. If you can, stick to one type and brand of film until you are used to it and know what to expect from it. An orthochromatic film is a type that is good for general, all-around shooting out-of-doors. A medium-speed panchromatic film is better for portraits or subjects with lots of color. A high-speed panchromatic film is necessary for pictures taken indoors under artificial light, action shots, or pictures taken under poor lighting conditions. Orthochromatic film is sensitive only to the colors blue and green whereas panchromatic film is sensitive to all colors. Practically, this means that panchromatic film will give a better, more truthful reproduction of a subject which has much red in it, or which is photographed under artificial light.

Excellent results can be obtained from any of the standard brands of these types of film, when it is used correctly. Follow very carefully the directions regarding exposure which are enclosed with each roll, and don't hesitate to consult your local dealer if your negatives are too light (under-

exposed) or if they are too dark (overexposed).

If your camera is a box type or other fixed-focus type, you needn't worry about focusing—everything from about eight feet away to as far as you can see will be reasonably sharp. However, if your camera has a bellows or other means of moving the lens in and out, you will have to focus carefully to get good pictures. Practice estimating distances until you can judge two-foot intervals from about six to twenty feet. For subjects closer to the camera than six feet, it is a good idea to use a tape measure and be sure of the distance at which to focus.

Here is one more thing to remember before you go into action. Is your picture-taking equipment clean? The inside of your camera should always be free of dust and the lens spotless. If the lens gets dirty, blow the dust off and gently remove finger marks by breathing on the lens and using a soft, clean cotton rag or a piece of cleansing tissue. Never use water, alcohol, cleaning fluid, or similar solvents on the lens. Treat your lens with care; it is the eye of your camera.

When you've chosen your film and know how to operate your camera, you're ready to shoot. But wait! How are you holding that camera? Is it straight and level or are you pointing



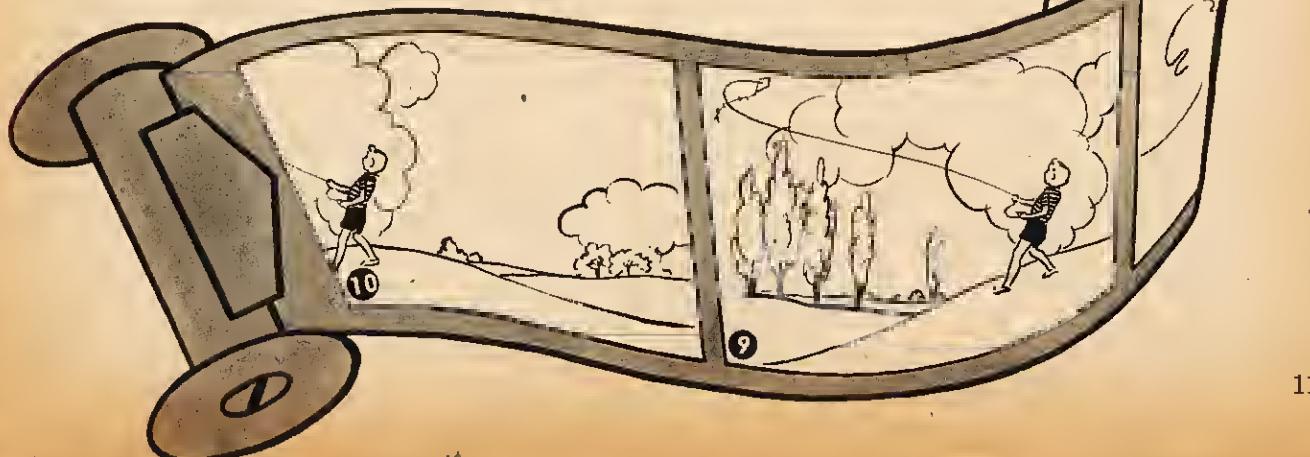
it up or down, or tipping it? Unless you are after some special effect, make sure the camera is level. Hold the camera steady. Any movement will ruin an otherwise good photograph by making it fuzzy and blurred. If your camera is one that you sight at eye level, hold it firmly against your face and, to brace your arms better, pull your arms together in front of you against your body. If you sight your camera by looking down into the view finder from above, hold your arms snugly against your sides and press the camera firmly against your body. With either type of camera hold your breath while you slowly squeeze the shutter release. When you take time exposures or shots at longer than 1/25 of a second, put the camera on some firm, level support.

COMPOSITION — LOOK BEFORE YOU SHOOT. Your eyes see only what you want to see. When you meet a friend you are not aware of the lamp post behind him, the houses across the street, or the bus down the

block. You have eyes only for him. But the camera lens does not concentrate on your subject and you may be surprised and disappointed to find a lot of unnecessary details cluttering up your snapshots. You must train yourself to see your subject as the camera sees it. Remember that the camera will record everything. Look at the foreground and the background and make sure that objects you don't want do not extend into the sides of your picture, as they do in Figure 1. Try to get as big an image of your subject as you can, but don't cut off any part of it. Figures 2 and 3 show what happens then. Figures 4 and 5 are much better.

SCENIC STUFF. Woods and meadows in the country, buildings and streets in cities and towns are full of opportunities for fine pictures if you keep your eyes open. Be sure that your picture has a definite point of interest and that lines and patterns in the picture tend to lead your eye to that point.

(Continued on page 54)



Mystery in Ward 13



"The luck of the Navy!" he exclaimed. "If it isn't my mother's little nurse!"

THE STORY UP TO NOW
Many strange events occurred during Cadet Nurses Gail Gardner and Eva Fairfax's first day in Ward 13, of City Hospital: Eva was shut in a closet; a fire started in a wastebasket; an oxygen tank, which Jim Tait, the orderly, had forgotten to remove, had been turned on; a patient, Miss Holly, said her jewels were gone and accused a sailor visiting his mother of stealing them! Dr. Britt said Miss Holly's jewels were only imaginary. Bonnie Albright mentioned that the superintendent had lost some jewels. In searching for clues to the origin of the fire, the girls found a scrap of paper reading "her . . . hospital blaze . . ." Bonnie felt Miss Holly must be guilty. Gail said Miss Holly was too weak to leave her bed, but when Gail went to bathe her the next day the patient had disappeared! In searching for her, Gail discovered a fire in the utility room, which Jim Tait put out. Afterward Miss Holly was found in her bed again, said she had been taking care of her jewels. The next day, as Gail and her friends started out on a holiday, they saw Miss Holly in a passing car, but when they phoned the hospital about it the head nurse said Miss Holly was safe in bed. Now go on with Chapter V.

The mysterious patient who appears and disappears like magic haunts Gail Gardner and her friends even on their day off

By MARGARET SUTTON

Author of "Judy Bolton Mystery Stories"

SHE is! That's funny. I hope it isn't another rolled-up bath blanket. Well, girls," announced Gail, "here's our bus. I only hope the hospital is there when we come home."

It was good to get away, for a little while, from the hospital and all the excitement.

"Look! You can see it from here."

The others leaned forward eagerly as Gail pointed.

"You can see what?" asked Bonnie. "Don't tell me you've spotted that blue car again."

"I wish I had," declared Gail. "We could have been mistaken, of course, but that woman in the car did look exactly like Miss Holly. I feel responsible, since she's my patient, but there's no use spoiling the

holiday worrying about it. If Miss Robinson says she's safe in the hospital I suppose we ought to take her word for it. She's head nurse and we're nothing but green little probies."

"Preclinicals," Midge corrected her. "It's more modern."

"Well, whatever we are," Gail acknowledged, "we're not supposed to know as much as the head nurse. Anyway, I was talking about Cousin Emma's house. You can see it from the top of this hill."

The bus in which the five girls were riding had just come to the end of its long climb. Now, looking ahead, they had a view of the whole valley. Gail pointed out a white house which was built right at the edge of a sparkling blue lake.

"It's farther away than it looks," she explained. "We have quite a walk from the bus."

At the next stop they piled out, laughing and chattering more like schoolgirls than U. S. Cadet Nurses. Halfway to the house they were met by Gail's two cousins, Hugh and Lem Wilson, and three other boys in the uniform of the U. S. Navy. They looked identical at first but, as they came nearer, Gail recognized first her cousins and then a third boy whose face was also familiar. Before she had time to speak, the gray-eyed sailor rushed forward.

"The luck of the Navy!" he exclaimed. "If it isn't my mother's little nurse! Those new Cadet uniforms are something, aren't they? This is the first time I've seen them except in pictures. Stand back and let me look at you. Don't you think we ought to salute her, boys? They make us salute the Navy nurses."

"They're lieutenants."

"So what? You will be, too. Shall we introduce ourselves? My name's . . ."

"Don't tell me," Gail stopped him. "Let me guess. Laurence Brooke Hamilton, Junior. Right?"

He flashed a smile.

"Almost one hundred per cent. It's Laurence Brooke Hamilton, the third. But don't let it floor you. Just call me Larry."

"How do you do, Larry. I'm Abigail Price Gardner, the second, but that's a dark secret. My friends all call me Gail."

"Gail. That's nice. It sort of matches that wind-blown blonde hair of yours. Even in that snappy new uniform you don't look old enough to be a nurse."

"Well," Gail countered, "you don't look old enough to be in the Navy either, but I guess this is a young people's war. We have our own future at stake and we just have to take it seriously, don't we? I like having a real part in it, but today's a holiday."

"You're telling us!" the others exclaimed. And suddenly they were all talking at once. "I'm Bob. You know Lem and Hugh, of course. That tall fellow behind them is Christopher. Chris, we call him. He's from Kentucky. Meet the girls."

There was more chatter, more introductions. Soon all ten of them—five sailors and five pre-cadet nurses—trooped into the house. Cousin Emma, a plump woman with blonde hair like Gail's, looked slightly bewildered. Lem grinned and gave her an affectionate hug.

"Don't worry, Mom. Chow's on the lawn. There's plenty of room around the picnic table."

Lem was clowning as usual, making everyone feel at home. His older brother, Hugh, had strolled off with Bonnie, saying he wanted to show her the garden.

"They're shipping out very soon," Bonnie confided later when she and Gail were clearing up the remains of their picnic lunch on the lawn.

"All of them?" Gail could

hardly believe it. Sailors trained so much faster than nurses.

"No, only Hugh and Bob. They're in Company X. The others wait a little longer."

"I'm glad." Gail stopped. It was hard to know what to say. "I mean," she added, "I'm glad Lem and Chris and Larry will be here a little longer. Of course, if we were the ones—if we were shipping out as war nurses, we'd be glad to go, wouldn't we?"

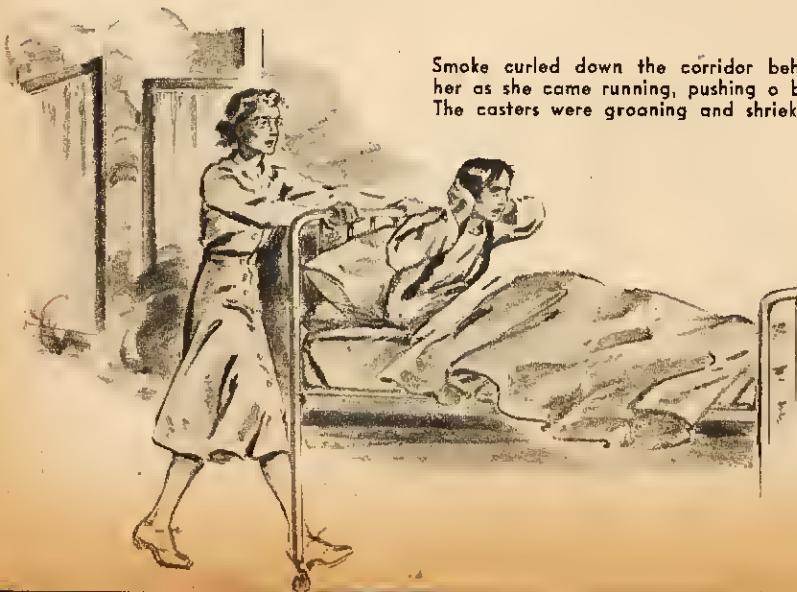
Bonnie nodded and Gail was surprised to see tears in her eyes. She really cared about Hugh. And she wouldn't have met him if Gail hadn't given her the theater ticket she meant to use herself. It was queer when you thought about it. Everything was queer and mixed-up and uncertain. Imagine meeting Larry here when she had known him only as a visitor at the hospital.

"He called me Nurse," she had exclaimed to Eva that first day when she had directed him to Ward 13. "He said it—Oh, Eva! I can't tell you how he said it, but he spoke to me just as though I were somebody important, a real part of the hospital."

He still spoke to Gail as though she were somebody important, asking questions about the hospital and showing a genuine interest in what happened there.

After lunch there was time to take out the rowboat. Gail was quite proud of the fact that she had learned to row so fast. It was fun to show off her newly acquired skill before the admiring Larry. Too soon it was time for the parade.

Traffic was stopped and there were swarms of people waiting when Gail's crowd finally reached the main street of the suburban town where the fair was in full swing. The event of the day was the historical pageant in which Gail was to take part. It was called America on Parade and started off with a huge float with people dressed to represent Columbus and his Indians at the court of Queen Isabella. Other scenes



Smoke curled down the corridor behind her as she came running, pushing a bed. The casters were groaning and shrieking.

in American history followed until it was brought right up to the present. The float just ahead of the marching girls was made to represent a modern hospital and bore the words: **THE CADETS ARE COMING.**

A cheer went up as they passed, and then a jingle of coins. The large hat being held by a group of small boys just behind them was being filled with money for the local hospital fund. The parade was over and the crowd was breaking up when Gail was surprised to hear a voice say, "Come on, Miss Holly, let's go back to the car."

Miss Holly! But that was impossible. She couldn't be well enough to stand and watch a parade.

"She's here! I saw her," Eva whispered excitedly as the boys joined them.

"That little old lady in the lavender dress? Why, she's as fit as I am," declared Lem. "Do you recognize her, Larry?"

"She sure looks like that patient in the last bed," he replied. "Well, Gail, I guess that puts an end to your worries about the hospital."

"I don't know about that," Gail replied thoughtfully. "Now I'm twice as worried. Yesterday she was just about dying and today she's here watching a parade. I simply can't understand it."

"You're all nurse, even on a holiday, aren't you?"

"Well," Gail conceded, "we're responsible for our patients. If Miss Holly got out, it's because I failed. I shouldn't have let her worry."

"Worry? About what?"

"About some jewels she thought she had. I'm not sure whether they were real or not. Seriously, Larry, she accused you of stealing them."

"Me? She accused me of stealing her jewels? Nuts!"

"But true," Gail said. "She saw you take something from the drawer where she says

the jewels were kept. Afterward I looked and found nothing but supplies."

Larry burst out laughing.

"Holy mackerel! That's all I found. Mom told me there was a box of tissue in the drawer. She wanted a piece to use as a hanky and I thought I'd save you a few steps. You're a grateful sort of person, aren't you? This is preposterous and no mistake."

"Of course it is," agreed the others. "Dr. Britt said the jewels were imaginary, didn't he? Well, how could Larry steal an old lady's imaginary jewels?"

"The same way I could take care of them, I guess. I give up," Gail said. "Miss Holly is probably a witch and flew out of the hospital window on a broomstick."

"We'll see her tonight—a shadow against the moon" prophesied Lem. "She seems to be to blame for all the mysterious things that have been happening."

"All the mysterious things?" Bonnie questioned pointedly. "I still don't see how you're going to blame her for the theft of the superintendent's things."

"No?" Eva faced Gail triumphantly. "Didn't you tell me that Miss Holly was employed in the hospital linen room before she was taken sick? Well, she'd have had a key to the linen closet on our floor, wouldn't she? And if your key fits both the superintendent's apartment and the linen closet, wouldn't the linen closet key fit the superintendent's apart-

"I won't be moved. I tell you I won't be carried away on broomsticks."



ment? Miss Holly could have gone in there without a soul knowing . . ."

"I don't think Miss Holly would do a thing like that," Gail objected. "But if it's true, her jewels may not be imaginary after all. They may be the superintendent's!"

"It sounds complicated, but I think I get it," agreed Susan. "I'm relieved, of course, since Gail and I share the same room. But if the jewels were real, what happened to them?"

"According to Miss Holly, I took them out of the drawer," Larry explained gravely. "I prefer the imaginary jewel theory. This business of a career hasn't bothered me much, what with a war on and all, but I think the last profession I'd choose is that of a jewel thief."

"You'd make a handsome one," laughed Gail, "just the Hollywood type."

"Holly would or Holly wouldn't? That is the question. You don't have to laugh. It's a bad pun, but I can't have you suspecting Larry now that Gail's in the clear. By the way," Lem said, "I nearly forgot to mention it, but Larry's driving back to the city to bring his mother home from the hospital. If you girls have no objections to riding with a jewel thief, he might convoy you home. The rest of us have to be back at the base by seven o'clock."

The girls were all singing when Larry drove them into the city. Popular songs, patriotic songs, anything. Already

they were beginning to learn the songs they would sing later at their capping. There was one, to the tune of *America, The Beautiful*, that Gail especially liked:

Oh, we are City nurses just as loyal as can be,
Our caps a symbol of our faith in all humanity.

"Of course," Gail explained, "we haven't our caps. We have to work and study and (Continued on page 32)

Growing Pains



They don't hurt so much in themselves, but the queer things they make you do!

Here's just a sample

By PATRICIA McFARLANE

Fourteen Years Old

MOM and Dad tell me it isn't the best of manners to talk about one's ailments. But lately I've been suffering, from a strange ailment so I'm going to write down my symptoms.

I said it was a strange ailment. Anyhow, it's strange to me, although I understand nearly everyone has had it—every one but young children.

The first symptoms came on a few months ago. I found myself tripping over things. When I came home from school in the afternoon I couldn't just walk in the doorway. I fell in. And when I came downstairs something always seemed to happen so that I wound up in a heap on the landing.

At first, Mom would say, "What in the world is the matter with you, girl?"

And I'd say, "I don't know. It's very queer. I seem to lose my balance very easily."

Whenever I would fall down the basement steps, Dad would whoop, "Great Scott, there goes Tottering Tillie again. Have we got to start all over again teaching that child to walk?"

If I even saw a thread on the rug I would have to walk around it very carefully. Because if I tried to step over it I knew I would probably trip on the thread and fall.

And then I found myself dropping things! No matter how tightly I hung onto a cup, for instance, it would slip through my fingers and crash on the floor. Especially if it was one of the good cups. After a while Mom wouldn't even let me help with the dishes any more. She said she couldn't af-

ford it. Too much wear and tear on the dishes. She said it would be cheaper to hire a maid. She did let me wash the pots and pans, but they made so much racket every time I dropped them on the floor that Mom couldn't stand it. And Dad said he was going to read his evening paper in some nice quiet foundry.

And then my memory began to be affected! If I put my gloves on the table and looked for them a minute later, they wouldn't be there. After a while someone would find them on the piano and I wouldn't have any recollection of putting them there. One evening the phone rang and somebody asked for Dad. I went to tell him. He looked up from the radio and said, "Why are you standing there staring at me?" I said, "There was something I wanted to ask you but I forgot what it was." So he said, "Maybe you'll think of it later." So I thought and thought but I couldn't remember. About an hour later Mom wanted to know why the receiver was off the hook, so then I remembered but the man had gone away. He just got tired. He wanted to invite Dad to go on a fishing trip but he got somebody else. Dad was very quiet all that week-end and kept sneaking looks at me and scratching his head and sighing.

Then my eyesight began to trouble me! I could find one shoe in the morning but I could never find the other. One morning I went all over the house with a shoe in my hand.

(Continued on page 49)

smooth as sweet music
... modern as jive



corinthia

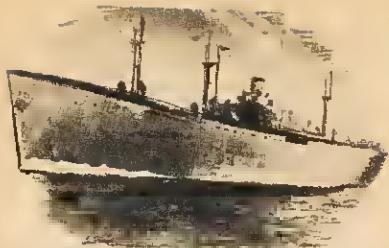
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A REPUBLIC PICTURE



MOVIES of the Month

By ELIZABETH NICHOLS
Movie Editor

1—With China's tragedy so near our hearts, we need understanding as well as sympathy for her people. Pearl Buck's "Dragon Seed," with Katharine Hepburn, shows us the Chinese realistically. (MGM)

2—"Sang of Nevada" is really nine songs, by Roy Rogers, Dale Evans, Mary Lee, and a cowboy chorus. One number, "It's Love, Love, Love," gets the South American timing some singers miss, probably picked up by Ray on one of his dashes to right wrongs south of the border! (Rep.)

3—Gory Cooper has played many real heroes, but none more persuasively than Dr. Corydon M. Wassell whose valorous refusal to leave wounded men behind when Java was evacuated is celebrated in "The Story of Dr. Wassell." Lorraine Day is the charming romantic interest. (Para.)

4—Shirley Temple thinks Joseph Cotten is just a super uncle, but that doesn't

rule out romance for Uncle Joe in "Since You Went Away," with Jennifer Jones and other lovelies waiting in the wings! (U.A.)

5—Fibber and Molly exclaim "Heavenly Days" over all the United Nations orphans left in their care. McGee pulls his usual boners but ends triumphantly by getting Wistful Vista out to vote. (RKO)

6—Picnics on a real farm, swims in a wonderful swimming hole, canters on beautiful horses, and the most exciting trotting races you ever saw are all in "Home in Indiana." But your lingering looks will be at Lan McCallister and talented newcomer Jeanne Crain as their friendship grows into lo-o-ovel (20th C-Fox)

7—Poul Henreid and Eleanor Parker are superbly cast in "Between Two Worlds," a story of the journey from life to the shores of an after-death world. (Warner)



HE'S LEARNING TO TALK JAPANESE

Hearing his own voice helps him to master foreign languages faster. That's why the Army is using the "Mirophone" in speech training — it makes a record on a magnetic tape, and plays it back as many times as needed. The record can be erased and new recordings made on the same tape over and over again.

So vital is voice communication in the split-seconds of aerial combat that "Mirophones" are on our aircraft carriers — to help Navy fliers improve their crisp, clear speech.

Designed by Bell Telephone Laboratories for training operators, and built by Western Electric, this is one of many peacetime developments now playing an important communications' role with our armed forces.

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Another Betty Co-Ed Hollywood offering on page 43

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Let's Talk Things Over

By ALICE BARR GRAYSON

As far back as I can remember, whenever I would bring a friend home my father wouldn't say so much as "hello" to them. There is no reason for him to be that way. I wish you would tell me what to do to try and make him be friendly to my friends.—Joanne Q., aged 13, Calif.

IT is not as easy for some people as for others to be outgoing and friendly, especially to strangers; but that does not always mean that they are unkind or inconsiderate. In fact, they may feel very pleasant even though they cannot always act the part. There are times a girl must do a bit of interpreting or explaining. "My dad is kind of quiet and doesn't talk much to people he does not know well," or "My mother is very serious-looking, but she's lots of fun when you get to know her." Such little comments may go a long way not only in explaining the behavior of others, but also in proving that it is possible to be considerate and to accept differences in people—a thing we must all learn to do.

Some grownups do not realize how much it means to young people to have their friends made welcome by all members of their families. It is often helpful to get together to talk over ways of entertaining household guests. Of course, turn about is fair play. If girls and boys do all they can to be generous, helpful, and courteous when older relatives or neighbors come to call, they can, with justice, ask for like treatment toward their visitors.

It is wise to choose suitable times for inviting others—for instance, not just at the hour when Dad is likely to be napping or Mother is entertaining the Ladies' Circle.

Joanne is certainly justified



Maybe Joanne's Dad is just the quiet type, but really friendly at heart.

in hoping that her father will be willing to greet her friends. Once he realizes that he is that important to her, he will more than likely be glad to cooperate. Maybe she can try a little breezy introduction the next time her friends come and a little good-humored urging may also help. Joanne's father probably realizes that during most of the time she and her pals are together they really want to be left alone, but she can help him to understand that he is wanted—for a little while at least—just to help make them feel welcome.

I'm a Negro girl. I attend Senior High, eleventh grade, and am interested in studying. My friends are very kind to me, but I feel so uncomfortable when I am with them. They seem friendly and interested in me, but I wonder whether

(Continued on page 48)

ANSWERING problems usually brings comfort and practical suggestions. Won't you write and tell Alice Barr Grayson what's on your mind? If you sign your complete name and address (they won't be printed), and state your age, a personal reply will be sent you—unless, of course, your problem or one just like yours is answered in this department. Write to Mrs. Grayson, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N.Y.

FOR HEROIC SERVICE TO FRANCE



IN WORLD WAR I AMERICAN-BORN FLORENCE CONRAD WON THE HIGH HONOR OF THE FRENCH PUBLIC WELFARE PALMS FOR HER SERVICE AT FOUR FRONT-LINE HOSPITALS. IN THIS WAR SHE HAS GONE ON TO EVEN GREATER DEEDS OF COURAGE AND INITIATIVE - A TRUE STORY



THE EARLY PART OF WORLD WAR II FOUND FLORENCE CONRAD IN FRANCE AGAIN DRIVING AN AMBULANCE ON THE BATTLE FRONT OF THE MAGINOT LINE.

THIS IS A DANGEROUS MISSION. WE'LL HAVE TO ASK FOR VOLUNTEERS.

NEVER MIND, I'M ON MY WAY.

THAT'S NO JOB FOR HER! DOES SHE REALIZE WHAT IT INVOLVES?

OF COURSE, SHE DOES. MRS. CONRAD IS ALWAYS THE FIRST TO VOLUNTEER FOR THE MOST PERILOUS MISSIONS.



LATER...

MRS. CONRAD,
YOU ARE ONE
OF THE BRAVEST
MEMBERS OF
OUR REGIMENT.
WE MAKE YOU
AN HONORARY
CORPORAL.

I NEVER HEARD OF A
WOMAN BEING MADE AN
HONORARY CORPORAL IN
THE INFANTRY BEFORE!

LOOK AT THAT
AMBULANCE! IT'S
FULL OF HOLES.
SHE DESERVES
THE HONOR.

BUT THE MAGINOT LINE DID NOT HOLD.
AS THE FRENCH TROOPS FELL BACK, MRS.
CONRAD CARRIED OUT ANOTHER SPECTAC-
ULAR MISSION. AT THE LOUVRE IN PARIS...

IF THE NAZIS BOMB
PARIS OR WORSE, IF
THEY TAKE PARIS, THESE
TREASURES WILL BE
LOST TO FRANCE. I'M
GOING TO TAKE THEM
OUT OF HERE.

THE VENUS DE MILO IS ON THE TRUCK. WE'LL
GET THE WINGED VICTORY OUT NEXT.

HURRY. WE HAVE
NO TIME TO LOSE.

THESE TREASURES WILL BE
HIDDEN AWAY AND SAVED FOR
FRANCE. THEY MUST NOT
FALL INTO NAZI HANDS.

AND IT IS HOPED THAT MRS. CONRAD'S HIDING OF
THESE PIECES OF ART HAS KEPT THEM SAFE EVEN NOW.

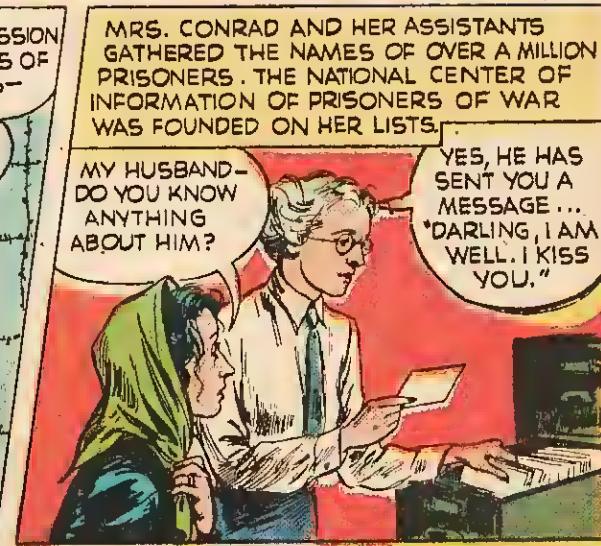
BUT SHE HERSELF WAS OFTEN FAR FROM SAFE. THREE
TIMES SHE WAS CAPTURED BY THE NAZIS AND THREE
TIMES SHE ESCAPED. BUT THE FOURTH TIME THERE WAS
NO ESCAPE.

IF I COULD ONLY
GET OUT OF
HERE.

FRANCE NEEDS ALL OF
US FIGHTING NOW! NOT
SITTING BEHIND BARBED
WIRE.

I'VE JUST HEARD—FRANCE HAS
FALLEN, SIGNED AN ARMISTICE
WITH GERMANY.

I CAN'T
BELIEVE
IT!



MRS. CONRAD CAME BACK TO AMERICA. BUT NOW, AS THE ONLY AMERICAN WOMAN MAJOR IN THE FRENCH ARMY, SHE IS RETURNING TO FRANCE WITH 200 WOMEN AMBULANCE DRIVERS, THE ROCHAMBEAU AMBULANCE UNIT, FOR THE INVASION OF EUROPE.



MRS. CONRAD, DECORATED WITH TWO CROIX DE GUERRE, CITED FIVE TIMES FOR BRAVERY, AND PROPOSED FOR THE LEGION OF HONOR, FIGHTS ON.



Laurels to a Winner

Joey, who thought he knew all about racing pigeons, learned a new point the first time Peggy handled the birds

By RUTH K. KENT

PEGGY BAKER hustled into Joey Hansen's kitchen, her arms piled high with books and papers. "Not one of the kids showed up at my house to make these scrapbooks for the Navy Hospital. Ron and Sylvia went to the ball game, Marie had to go to the dentist, and two of the boys went fishing," she panted as she dropped the books on the kitchen table. "And I knew you had to stay home on ac-

count of that earache 'so I scooped up the whole mess and brought it over here. You'll help me make the scrapbooks, won't you?"

Joey pulled his crutch from a chair and nodded. "Boy, am I glad you came!"

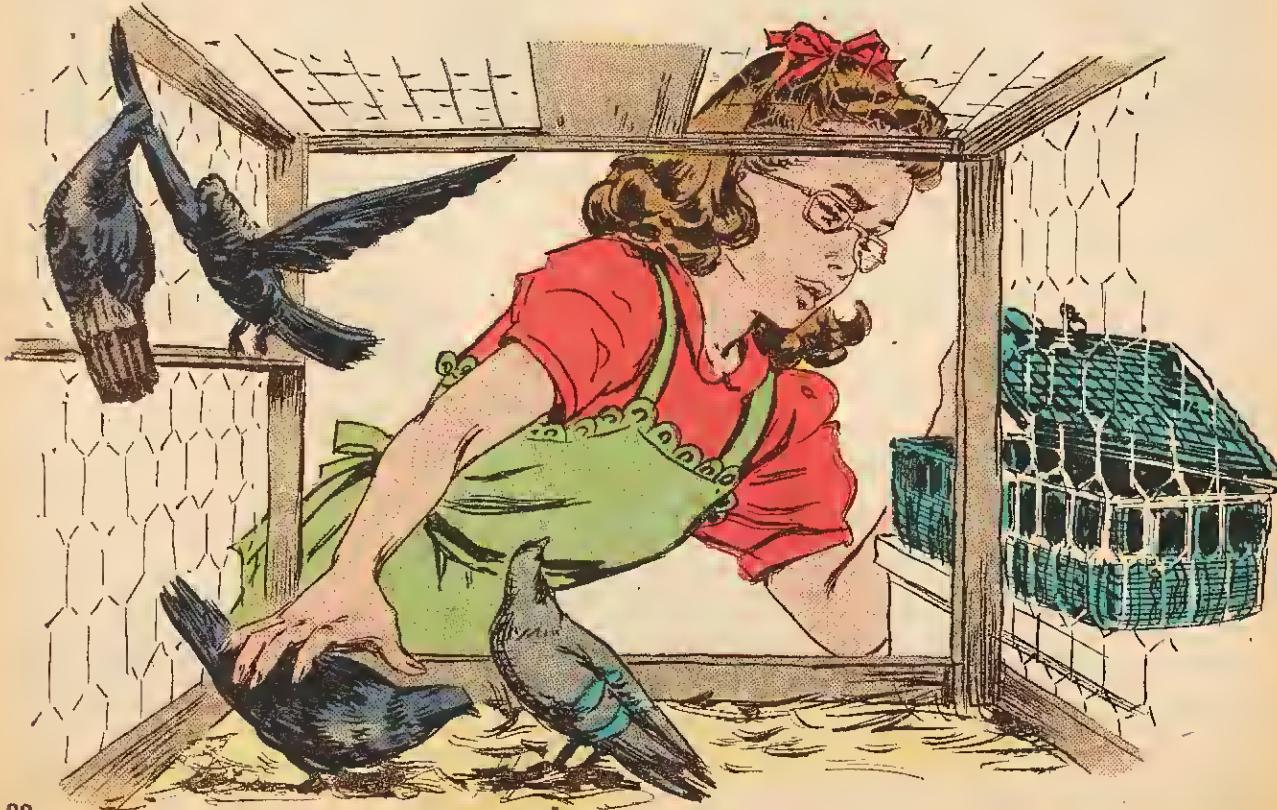
Peggy unwound the scarf from her hair. "Lonesome?"

"Well, naw. I get along okay with Joey Hansen," he grinned, "But Aunt Lena went to the Ladies' Aid, and won't let me

go out. Then the Pigeon Club just phoned; they're having a race today. Want me to have three birds ready to ship right away. Fellow will come for them." Peggy watched his face brighten as he talked about his homing pigeons. He leaned forward eagerly. "Peggy, will you go out and put three birds in the shipping basket for me?"

Peggy gave a startled gasp, but Joey hobbled to the window and pointed to the basket beside the loft. "Look, there are four birds in that first pen —those three dark ones. See them? And that light one with the blue bars on its wings. Just catch the three dark ones and put them in the basket—not

She squeezed her eyes shut and plunged her hand into the pen. It touched soft, warm feathers.



the barred one. That's my Blue Bar."

Peggy backed away. She'd never touched a pigeon in her life. What would she do with it? Would it bite?

"No, Joey," she said impatiently. But the anxious lines in Joey's face stopped her. She had to do it some way. "How—how do you catch them?"

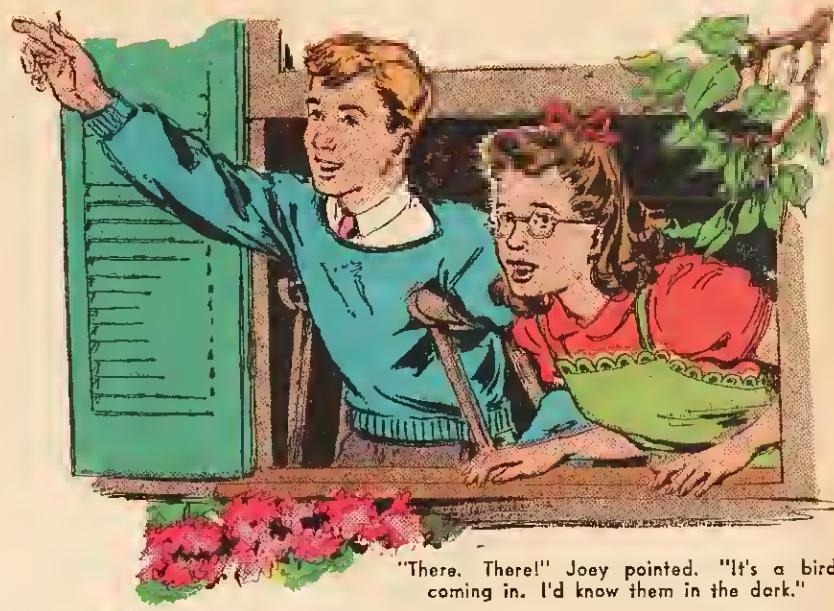
He laughed. "That's easy. Just reach one hand in and grab them—gently, but hang on tight. I'll start the scrapbooks while you do it, I saved a lot of cartoons to put in."

Peggy's wedgie sandals dragged to the loft. Why on earth did she get mixed up in this? If Bill Martin were here he could do it; he sometimes helped Joey with the pigeons. But Bill had an errand to do for his mother before he could come over.

Peggy slid the shipping basket close to the loft. Now that she was near the birds, they suddenly looked fierce. Probably would peck her hands to pieces, or scratch or claw. She started to put her hand in the pen, then pulled it back. The birds sensed a stranger near and started milling about nervously. Peggy glanced appealingly toward the house and saw Joey standing at the window. She wagged her fingers and shook her head, but he pointed and nodded, then turned away. Peggy felt every muscle tighten up like a sweater that has been washed too often. The lime from the walls smarted her eyes, the feathers blowing about tickled her nose. She squeezed her eyes shut and plunged her hand into the pen. It touched soft feathers and closed around a warm bird. She lifted the bird gently and put it into the basket, and it only fluttered a little. Peggy straightened her shoulders—that wasn't so hard. She could do it again, but just then she heard a shout.

"Hey—those birds ready to go? I gotta hurry."

She turned to face a burly man leaning from a truck in the alley. "Right away," she called importantly. She closed



"There. There!" Joey pointed. "It's a bird coming in. I'd know them in the dark."

her eyes and hurriedly grabbed two birds and stuffed them into the basket, then handed it up to the man. She heaved a big sigh as she watched him drive away. Now she could go back to the scrapbooks and a peaceful afternoon.

But as she passed the pen she noticed the one remaining bird. She stood and stared at it a moment.

"Oh, my goodness!" She ran to the alley shouting, "Hey—come back!" But the truck was bumping along, more than a block away and at a good speed. "Oh, my goodness," she sighed again. "Whatever did I do?" She looked into the pen again, stamped her foot at the bird, then trudged back to the house.

Joey greeted her from the table. "Get them off okay?"

"They're gone," she said dully.

"Not so hard, was it?" he laughed. "Come on. I have the paste and everything ready. Got a book started. Boy, I'd like to win that race, but don't guess I will. Those birds I shipped are just young hens. Haven't been out much and this is sort of a tryout for them."

Peggy's fingers cut and pasted at a nervous tension. She didn't stop to look at the cartoons or read the jokes.

Nothing seemed funny to her now. If only she dared tell Joey what she'd done. Finally she could stand the gremlins in her mind no longer and asked, "Joey, why didn't you want that barred pigeon sent with the rest?"

Joey chuckled over a joke he was reading. "Huh? Blue Bar? Well—she's my little pet hen. I—I never race her. Good little homer though," he nodded, "but I—I just don't race her."

"But why?" Peggy puzzled. "If she's a good homer maybe she'd win."

Joey's eyes seemed to be looking far away. He shook his head slowly. "Naw—she'd never be a winner. Sure, I've sent her home a few times and she clocks up pretty well," he said proudly. "But I won't race her."

Peggy licked the paste from her fingers. "Why?"

Joey fingered his crutch leaning against the chair. "Aw—well, you see, she's got sort of a crooked leg. I—nope, I couldn't bear to race her. She might lose."

They pasted and cut silently, Joey glancing toward the window now and then. "Not going to be a very long race," he said, "Birds'll be coming in soon. Think you can clock them in for me?"

"Clock them in? Goodness

sake, what's that?" Peggy snipped at a cartoon.

"Oh, just sort of coax them down with a feed can. Then pull the racing band—a little piece of metal—from their legs and push it into a timing clock. Here . . ." From his pocket he pulled what looked like two watches fastened together. "You push the band in here and press this knob. That starts the clock and tells the exact time the birds come home. Makes racing fair."

"Take the birds in my hands again?" Peggy dug some paste from her nail polish, "What if they don't come home?"

"They'll come." Joey turned to the window. "They always

do. I don't expect to win; just want to time those new birds."

"Do they always come home?" Peggy asked. "I mean—if they're tired—or lame?"

"Sure," he boasted. "Birds have been known to fly home after they've been shot over a battlefield. The Signal Corps pigeons are saving lives every day. You know they carry messages. They've even been known to fly hundreds of miles at sea. Gee . . ." His eyes took on that wishing look again as they scanned the sky.

Peggy started watching from the window, too, but not for birds. Surely Bill would come soon now. But Peggy felt that she could even manage the birds if only she could find some way to tell Joey what she'd done. Why didn't that Bill come? Maybe together they could explain.

But Bill didn't show up. Joey was hobbling back and forth from the table to the window, and his fingers were shaky when he tried to cut. Somehow those birds were as precious to him as a baby to its family. Peggy remembered the lonely times he'd spent when he was unable to go to school after his

illness. Sometimes Joey made a little lonely ache tug at her heart, and she always thought of Daddy way out on the ocean somewhere. She was acting like a coward. Peggy held her head high and cleared her throat to tell Joey what she'd done. But the words only formed themselves in her mind. Not a word came out. If she told him now, he'd worry. Better for her to worry alone.

Joey deserted the scrapbook and stayed at the window anxiously watching the sky. "Thank gosh it didn't rain. Is it very windy out,

Peggy?" His voice was tense.

She shook her head. "Joey, where did the birds start from?"

"They shipped from Randall. This is just a fifty miler. Why?"

"Can—can we telephone and see if they've left?" Maybe she could call and tell them not to release the birds—to ship them back in their basket. They mustn't fly—they mustn't. If anything happened . . . Peggy folded her hands and sighed.

"They've started," he announced. "They ought to be winging in pretty soon. Peggy, prepare yourself for one of the prettiest sights you ever did see," he beamed.

Peggy quit pasting and went to the window to watch with Joey. If only the birds would come—if only they'd hurry. Even if she did have to pull those bands off their legs and push them into a clock—that would be better than waiting and worrying.

She picked at the looped edges of her denim pinafore while Joey lost himself in the history of racing pigeons. His face turned toward the sky was a study in patience and eagerness. Something in his trust in those birds made Peggy feel good way down inside. If those little birds could find their way home all alone, then surely Daddy would find his way home someday, no matter where he was now. She brushed the dampness from her eyes and spoke crossly.

"I wish Bill would come."

"Sure. So do I," Joey said. "He knows how to coax the birds down if they light on the top of the loft." Then he beat his hands together excitedly. "Look Peggy—there in the sky. See it?"

Peggy scanned the blue brightness and blinked her eyes. She shook her head.

"There. There!" Joey pointed. "It's a bird coming in. I'd know them in the dark."

Peggy felt her heart pound. Now she had to go out there and feel those warm feathery things again. Who'd ever think making scrapbooks for sailors

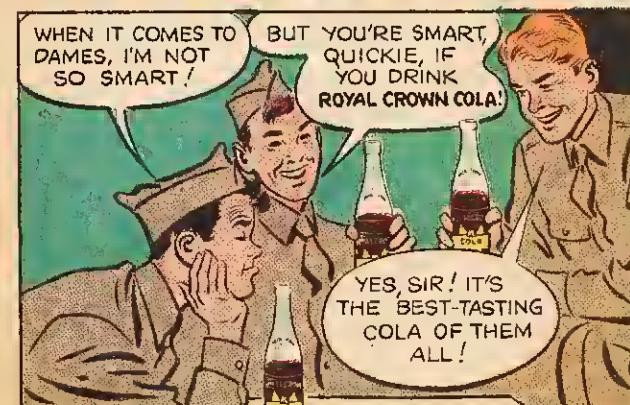
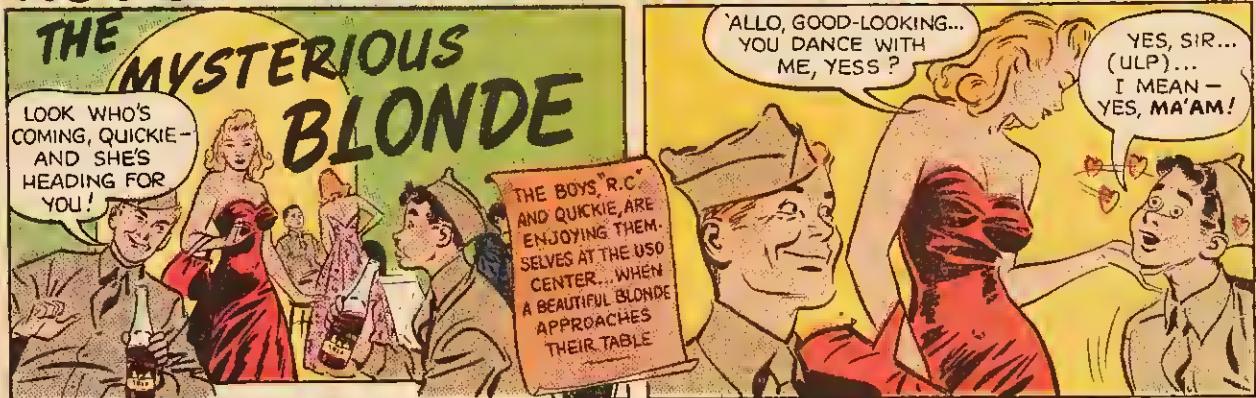
(Continued on page 26)



"Get away. You'll scare her," Bill said excitedly, and gave Peggy a little shove. Then he whistled softly, coaxingly, and rattled a little feed in a can.



ADVENTURES OF "R.C." AND QUICKIE



LAURELS TO A WINNER

(Continued from page 24)

would get so complicated? Why did she always have to get mixed up in things? Joey nudged her with his elbow.

"Is it—coming in?" she gasped.

But now Joey's eyes had shifted to the first pen. With a wild stare they were fixed on the one bird there.

"Peggy!" he cried. "Look at that bird. That's not Blue Bar. You must have shipped Blue Bar. Gosh, Peggy, how could you?"

He sat down and ran his fingers through his blond hair.

Peggy's throat felt as if a drawstring had tightened it. "Joey—please, Joey, I didn't mean to. Will she come home? Will she, Joey? I'll simply sit down and die if she doesn't."

"She'll come," he muttered, "but I didn't want to race her, Peggy. She—she's not made for competition. She's a lone bird. She's—different."

Peggy shot a quick glance at Joey's bad leg. If only he would realize that it made no difference to the other kids. If only he could learn to forget it.

She turned to the window and squealed, "Joey—quick! A bird is flying around up there."

"Must be circling to come in." His crutch clattered to the floor and Peggy hurried to get it. "Go out quick, Pegs. Grab the band and put it in the clock like I showed you. Quick—here's the clock." And he pushed the strange object into her hand.

Peggy ran outside and waited for the bird to circle. With its beautiful wings outspread it looked as rhythmic as a song. Each spiral brought it closer to the loft. Then its tail spread like a fan and its feet dropped from close to its body like the wheels of an airplane dropping from the walls for a landing. The bird glided near the ground and Peggy stood breathless

waiting for it to go into the pen. But with a quick jerk it swooped upward and lit on the top of the loft.

Joey opened the door and called, "Peggy—quick! Chase that cat away. It scared my hen."

Peggy grabbed a pebble and

"You mean Blue Bar?" Bill asked.

Peggy bit her lip. "Ye—yes."

Bill grinned down at her. "You're a good kid, Pegs. Most girls wouldn't touch those birds. Not even for Joey. But don't worry. Mistakes happen to everybody."

Peggy rubbed the back of her dirty hand across her eyes. "But, Bill, what'll I do?"

"Let's go in and talk to Joey."

Peggy let him lead her to the house. Joey was telephoning. He put up the phone and turned beaming eyes to them.

"I've phoned every fellow in the club. Not one bird is in yet. Know what that means? She's a winner. Blue Bar's a winner. Whee!" and he

kicked the table leg with his good leg.

Peggy dropped into a chair and adjusted her glasses. "Joey—that was Blue Bar? I'm so glad. Gee, Joey, I'm so glad!" She thought of Joey's words, of Joey saying that Blue Bar would never be a winner. Blue Bar, the little pigeon with the crooked leg, one set apart, Joey felt, like himself. Then she turned quickly to the scrapbooks. "Look, Bill—I've done six books. And Joey—" she counted the stack—"did nine. Let's do some more, Joey, while Bill punches the birds in the clock."

Both boys laughed. Bill whistled. "Nine books, Joey?"

"Aw, that's nothing," Joey grinned. "Leave the stuff around and I'll do a batch tomorrow if Aunt Lena won't let me go out."

"Joey's a winner, too," Peggy said. There was a soft, moist look in his eyes and Peggy turned hurriedly to the cupboard and grabbed a bunch of celery. She pushed it toward Joey. "Laurels to the winner!" she smiled, and made a bow.

THE SECRET

By CAROLINE McGOWN
Seventeen Years Old

Honorable Mention in Camp Fire Girls
Annual Poetry Contest

We have a secret, the night and I.
We found it one time when the wind was high,
And the clouds were heavy with silver rain,
And the lightning shewed us the lonely plain.
No one was there but the night and I,
But we found out 'neath the angry sky,
That one can have peace, though the storm clouds roll,
If one is at peace with his heart and his soul.

heaved it aimlessly. A voice rounded the corner.

"Hey—trying to kill me?"

"Bill!" Peggy cried. "About time you came. Catch that pigeon. Quick!"

Joey poked his head out of the door and shouted excited, garbled words. "Bill, coax her down. Quick. Hurry!"

"Get away. You'll scare her," Bill said excitedly, and gave Peggy a little shove. Then he whistled softly and rattled a little feed in a can. The bird floated to the ground and Bill said, "Quick. The clock . . ."

"Here." Peggy almost dropped it, but Bill had it and the band pushed in before she realized what had happened.

"Well—that's that," Bill said. "Bet Joey is excited. How do you like the pigeon business?"

"It's terrible!" she cried. "I—oh, Bill, I made a mistake and put Joey's pet bird in that basket. Joey's so nice about it. I wish he'd rave at me. Maybe it'll never come home. What'll I ever do? I'm simply sick about it. Gee, this is awful."

Captain Tootsie AND THE RUNAWAY HORSE

BY ROD REED AND C. C. BECK

ROLLO AND HIS SISTER ARE HORSEBACK RIDING

WHY DO YOU CARRY THAT LITTLE WHISTLE ALL THE TIME, ROLLO?

IT'S MY TOOTSIE TOOTER, SIS. WHEN THERE'S TROUBLE I BLOW IT AND CAPTAIN TOOTSIE COMES TO THE RESCUE!

BEWARE OF FALLING ROCKS

SUDDENLY...



A "TOOT FOR TOOTSIE" BRINGS THE CAPTAIN ON THE RUN.

HELP! HELP!



SPEAKING OF STRENGTH, YOU MUST BE THE STRONGEST MAN IN THE WORLD, CAPTAIN TOOTSIE!

YOU BET HE IS, SIS--AN' TOOTSIE ROLLS ARE WHAT HELP TO GIVE HIM ALL THAT EXTRA ENERGY!



KIDS, IT'S NEW-TOOTSIE VM

IT MAKES MILK TASTE LIKE CHOCOLATEY TOOTSIE ROLLS!

AND LOOK WHAT ITS VITAMINS GIVE YOU



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GROW UP TO BE A BIG, TALL, HUSKY GUY LIKE ME!



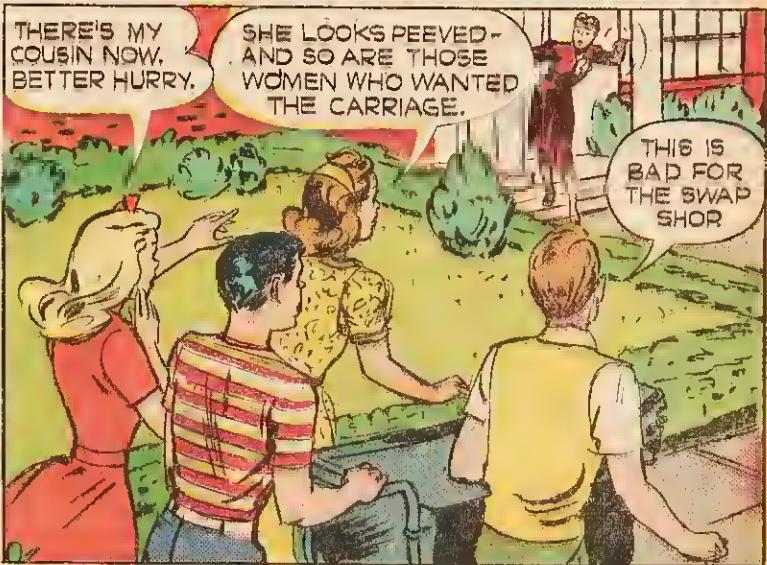
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From
TOM-TOM
 to **Walkie
Talkie**

The story of
 military signaling

Primitive peoples
 today still send
 news by beating
 on a hollow log
 —a method of
 signaling in use
 for thousands
 of years.

After the conquest
 of Britain, Roman
 soldiers in the
 north could see the
 smoke signals of
 the Picts, calling
 men together for
 battle.

On the battlefields of
 the Napoleonic era,
 where masses of men
 fought in closed ranks,
 messages were still
 carried by galloping
 staff officers. Drum
 or trumpet were
 used to relay
 orders to the men.



In our own Civil War, armies were larger and had begun to spread out. Both sides started to make use of the recently-invented telegraph.

A little more than a hundred years ago, when England expected invasion by Napoleon, semaphore towers were built on hills by the sea, to send warning inland if the French fleet appeared.

Out on western prairies soldiers matched the smoke signals of the Indians with the heliograph—sending messages by mirrors flashing in the sun.

Radio was used to some extent in World War I, but more dependence was placed on the field telephone. Lines were often laid under the most dangerous conditions.



Today's warfare requires the closest possible cooperation between planes, ships, tanks, infantry and other groups. Battles spread out over hundreds of miles. Only radio can keep these many services in touch with each other, and much of the famous radio equipment used by all services was designed and built by Westinghouse.



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MYSTERY IN WARD 13

(Continued from page 14)

earn them just the way you sailors earn stripes, but we are loyal to City Hospital . . ."

"Even if we haven't much faith in humanity," Bonnie put in, laughing. "I'm thinking of Miss Holly—and others who can't be trusted. But, Larry! Do you hear fire engines?"

"They're coming this way."

"Hurry, Larry!" cried Gail. "They're going toward the hospital. If there's a fire they'll want the patients moved at once if the flames are even just close to where they are."

When they reached the hospital they found smoke pouring out of three windows in the old Medical Building.

"Ward 13!" gasped Bonnie. "I might have known it!"

"Hurry, girls! The firemen can't keep us back. They can see we're nurses."

Gail was already racing up the stairs, the other four girls right behind her. Larry was ahead. He nearly bumped into his mother at the top of the stairs.

"Oh, son! It's you. I'll tell them you're here, but you can't take me now," she said firmly. "There aren't enough nurses and all the patients who are well enough are helping."

"Not enough nurses? Take it easy, Mom. I've brought five."

"Thank Heaven!" cried Miss Robinson. Smoke curled down the corridor behind her as she came running toward them, her hair disheveled and her cap gone. She was pushing a bed ahead of her, the casters groaning and shrieking.

"What can we do?" the new-

comers asked breathlessly.

"We have to get the patients out of Ward 13 first," the head nurse told them. "Wheel the beds through the arcade into the new building. They'll be safe in there for a while."

The girls worked with lightning speed, blinking their eyes against the smoke. Gail couldn't see where it was coming from, but from somewhere above her she could hear the threatening crackle of hungry flames. A stream of water poured through

"Poor Miss Holly!"

"Will you quit sympathizing with her," Bonnie said. "She can't even be there. You'd better make sure that bed is occupied before you waste your time looking for a stretcher," she called back to the nurse as she and Gail wheeled out another patient.

Halfway down the corridor they met the orderly, Jim Tait, carrying a stretcher. It was not a wheeled stretcher. They were all in use. It was one that he had hastily constructed, using two broom handles and a blanket. Larry took hold of the other end of it.

"This is certainly the work of an insane person," declared Bonnie as she and Gail returned to the smoke-filled ward. "Now that Miss Holly is out of the hospital I don't suppose she cares what happens to it . . ."

A shrill voice raised in protest drowned out the rest of what Bonnie was saying.

"I won't be moved. I tell you I won't be carried out on those broomsticks. I won't leave this bed without my pillow."

"It's Miss Holly!"

Impossible as it seemed, the little old lady was there in that smoke-filled room. She was grasping the headrail of the bed with broken casters and refusing to be moved without her pillow. In a flash of understanding, Gail knew why.

"Let her take it," she directed. And Gail added calmly, "You can trust me, Miss Holly. Didn't I say I'd take good care of your jewels?"

(To be concluded)

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT TO READERS

IN ACCORDANCE with the Government's regulations that all publishers use much less paper this year, we are combining two of our monthly issues of **CALLING ALL GIRLS**. This is a combined July-August issue. Our next issue will be the September issue and will be out early in August. Our subscribers will receive the full number of copies to which they are entitled, each issue counting as ONE although it may be dated for two months. We hope that you will enjoy each new issue just as much, even if you do have to wait somewhat longer than usual to get it.—THE PUBLISHERS.

Junior Housekeeping

COOL

TO MAKE AND TO EAT

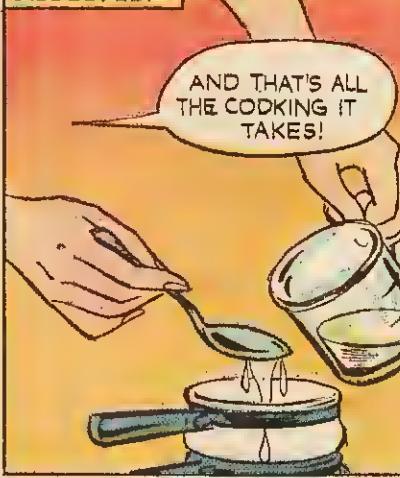
BY LETTIE GAY
JUNIOR HOUSEKEEPING EDITOR

COMPANY COMING UP AND THERMOMETER ALREADY UP—THAT'S THE CUE FOR A SALAD MEAL THAT'S COOL FOR BOTH COOK AND GUESTS.

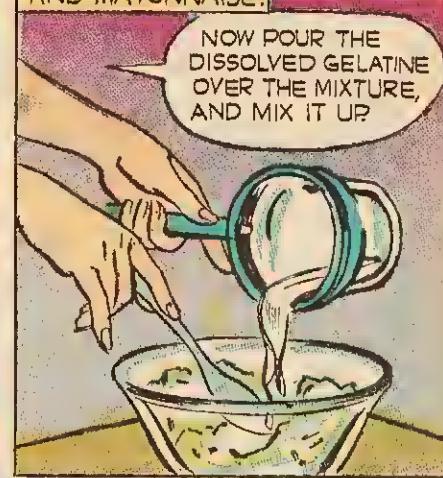
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1 TABLESPOON GELATINE
4 TABLESPOONS COLD WATER
1 PINT COTTAGE CHEESE
3/4 TEASPOON SALT
1/4 TEASPOON PAPRIKA
1/4 CUP SWEET CREAM
1/4 CUP MAYONNAISE
1 LARGE ORANGE, CUT UP
1/4 CUP CANNED PINEAPPLE
1 GRAPEFRUIT, CUT UP
1 CUP STRAWBERRIES
6 DATES, CUT IN STRIPS

SOAK GELATINE 10 MINUTES IN THE COLD WATER, THEN HEAT OVER BOILING WATER UNTIL DISSOLVED.



WHILE GELATINE IS SOAKING, MEASURE AND MIX COTTAGE CHEESE, SEASONINGS, CREAM, AND MAYONNAISE.



POUR THE MIXTURE INTO A QUART-SIZE RING MOLD.



THREE HOURS LATER...

NOW PUT YOUR SERVING PLATE TOPSIDE DOWN ON THE RING AND TURN THE WHOLE RING OVER.



ADD A LITTLE FRENCH DRESSING OR MAYONNAISE TO CUT-UP FRUIT SECTIONS.

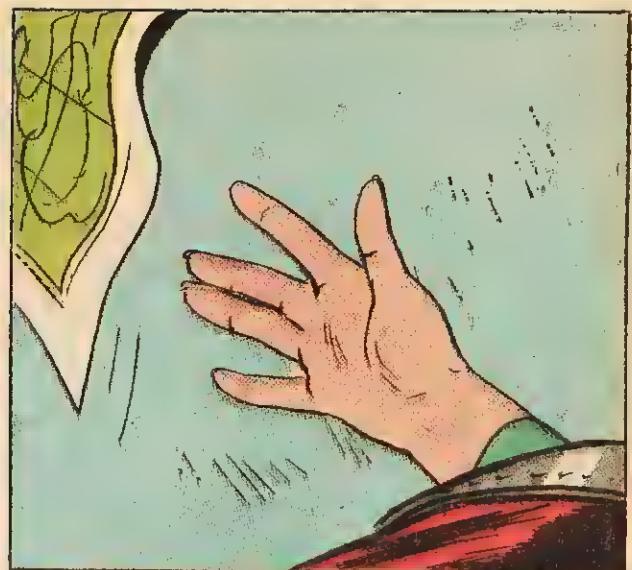
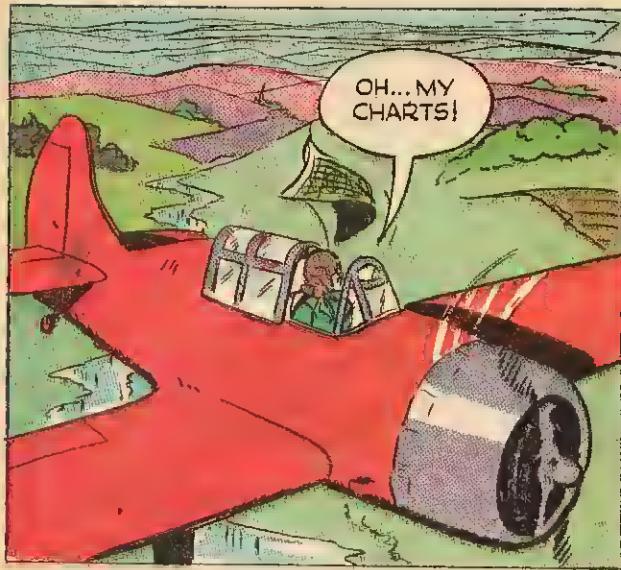


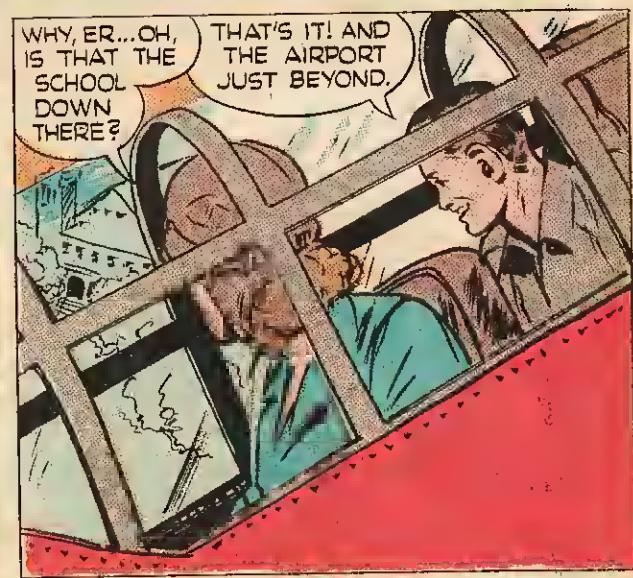
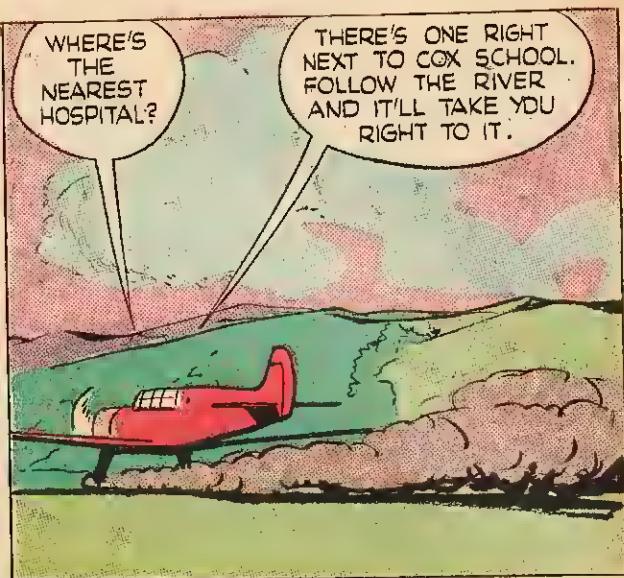
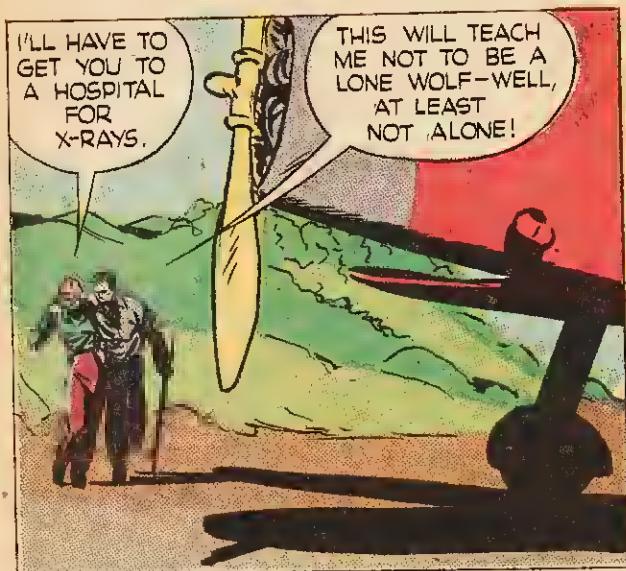
CONTINUED ON PAGE 56

JUDY WING

LUCKY BREAK







NEW ADVENTURES OF JUDY WING IN EVERY ISSUE OF
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TEN DAYS ADRIFT



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HOW DARK AND PEACEFUL IT IS HERE.

NOT EVEN A MOON TONIGHT. BUT WE SHOULD BE GRATEFUL; BLACKNESS IS OUR PROTECTION.

BUT HE WAS MISTAKEN!

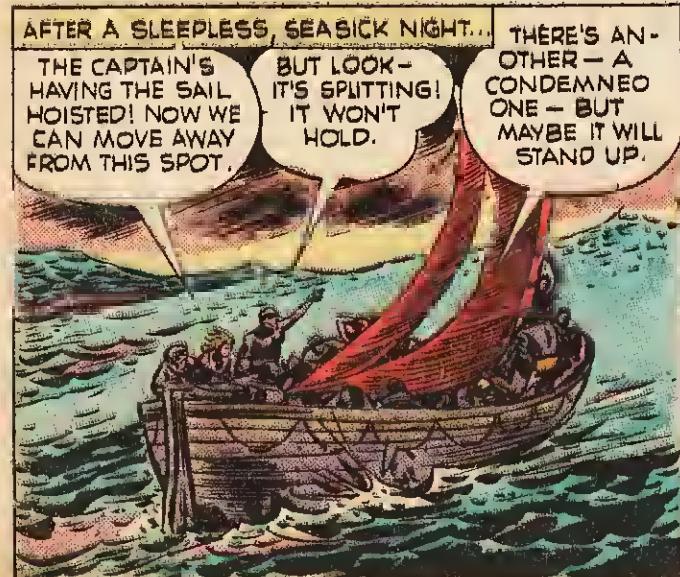
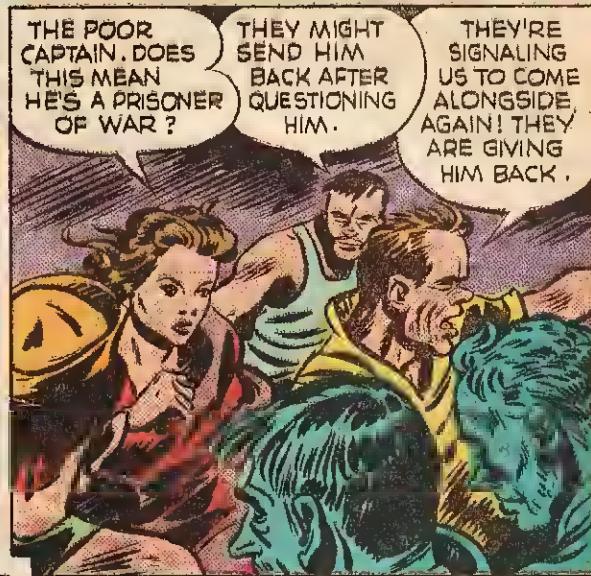


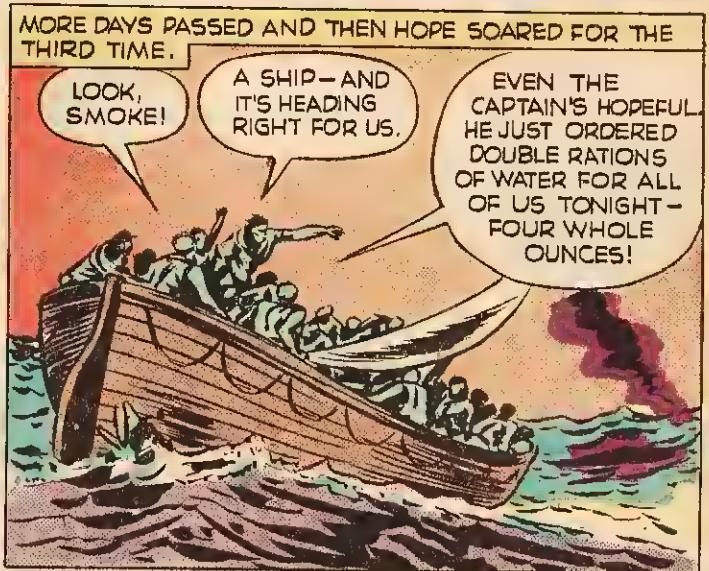
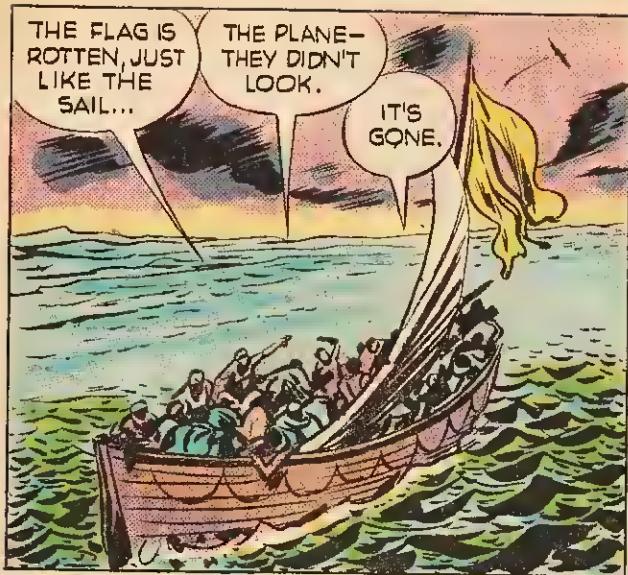
THIS IS IT! I MUST GET MY LIFE BELT. I'LL HAVE TO HURRY!

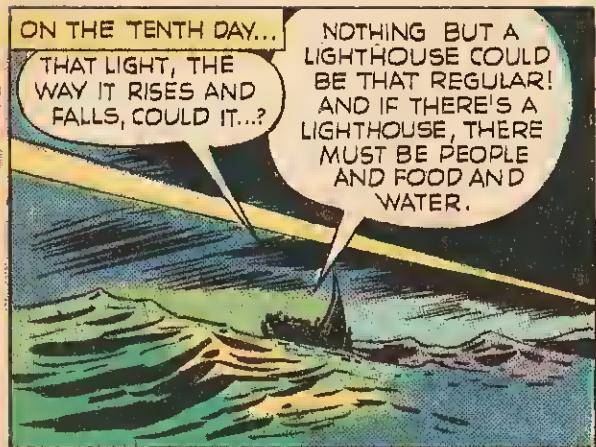
THE LIFEBOAT—IT WAS BLOWN AWAY! WHAT DO WE DO?

THERE ARE SOME ON THE OTHER SIDE. COME ON.









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and call me Two-Toned!



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TODAY there are many girls and boys from other lands living here in America. Would you like to get to know them? Or, if you are one, would you like to get to know American-born young people? Would you like to exchange ideas through letters? If so, write to Youth of All Nations, 16 St. Luke's Place, New York 14, N.Y. Be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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IT'S FUN TO SEW

CHAPTER X HOW TO MAKE A DRESS



TEN MONTHS ago we began with a simple kerchief. Now, if you've sewn along with us each month, you should be ready for the grand finale — a DRESS! Your complete set of ten instruction leaflets will come in handy for reference. Good sewing to you, from now on!

For Sewing Leaflet No. 10, send stamped, addressed, legal-size envelope to It's Fun to Sew 10, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N.Y. Enclose another 3¢ stamp for each book leaflet.



BETTY CO-ED of HOLLYWOOD PRESENTS



Make Yours a **BLACK and White**

A BLACK dirndl skirt with a white blouse looks just as luscious on a hot summer day as a black 'n' white soda tastes. So-o, buy yourself a couple of yards of black Erin, the linelike washable spun rayon by Everfast, and a yard of white sheer cotton and get to work.

Left—Junellen Hawthorne trims her black Erin skirt and her white blouse with three shades of rickrack. Dayson seashell Bandleader and anklet. Advance Pattern #3436 includes blouse and skirt, sizes 9 to 17, costs 25c.

Far right—Junellen's black and white dotted Swiss blouse with the same skirt. Flattering, swoopy neckline, bordered with eyelet ruffle. Advance Pattern #3611, sizes 30 to 36, costs 35c.

Near right—We decorated Marcia Marie's blouse with Prang Textile Colors—easy to apply, and washable. Her blouse, Advance Pattern #3028, sizes 30 to 38, costs 15c. Both wear flowery Dayson Bandleaders.



Left—Twist your Brico scarf into a Dutch cap, as 14-year-old Jackie Fernandez does on our front cover. Make a halter of a matching scarf. Send stamped, addressed, legal-size envelope for cap and halter instructions.

Obtain Advance Patterns from your local dealer or send cash to Patterns, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Be sure to state correct pattern number and size when you send us orders.

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Another Betty Co-Ed offering on page 18

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FASHION SHOW-OFFS



Formals are always the favorites of CALLING ALL GIRLS Fashion Shows. The grand finale of the Gimbels, Milwaukee, fashion show was a rose-splashed jersey and net gown modeled by high-schooler Margie Bauer. Nancy Pepper at the mike.

By **NANCY PEPPER**
Fashion Editor

HERE I am, back in New York, after a whirlwind tour of some of our Official Headquarters stores. I've met thousands of CALLING ALL GIRLS readers and I've finally shaken hands with lots of my out-of-town Hi-Style Scouts. I've asked girls of every size, shape, and description about the clothes they like to wear, and those I couldn't get to talk to expressed their fashion preferences by applause at the many fashion shows I "M. C.'d."

Most interesting is the data I've gathered about date fashions. You swoon over formals and wish you had more opportunities to wear them; you'd love to wear black if it could be "young" enough; you go for hats when they flatter and fit. Here are some style-show hits.



Above—Julia Irwin and Freda Williams in glazed chintz and white net formals at the F. & R. Lazarus CALLING ALL GIRLS Cotton Prom-enade in Columbus, Ohio.

Right—Diane Drugan's dotted Swiss prom dress received the most audience applause. The girls liked Pat Miller's gingham with or without the pique bolero. All are Betty Lane teen fashions.

FOR Summer Dating



Above—For sports dates Charlotte Duffy selects Everfast windowpane check in black and yellow with black shirt to prove black can be young. Matching accessories. Charlotte hopes to be a fashion artist, and, judging by the adorable background she designed for the Lazarus fashion show, she'll soon get her wish.

Below—Pat Miller matches the lace on her white piqué with a starched lace Dutch cap by Ann Koppleman. All from the F. & R. Lazarus High School Shop.



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For Beachcombers Only—
Here's a short story about slacks. If last summer's are now too short, you can make them into anything from short slacks to long shorts to short shorts. Fine for bikes as well as beaches.—*Ruth Gerlach, Fairlawn, N. J.* To top off your shorts for a sun bath, dye an old bra to match. It's cute decorated with little ribbon bows or edged with a contrasting color.—*Selma Lee Cohan, Newark, N. J.* Sandhoppers who want to be shod can make beach shoes from two matching washcloths. Cut two soles from cardboard to the shape of your foot. Now, for uppers, place one foot on each cloth so your toes point toward one of the corners. Draw the two side corners up around your insteps, sew a gay ribbon to each corner, and tie. The material which is left poking beyond your heel and toe should be turned under so that it is invisible when you sew the cardboard soles to the bottom of the washcloth shoes.—*Nancy Wilkerson Curtis, Nashville, Tenn.* Hair that has been treated to sun and waves probably needs first aid before it can be decorative for that date which is just an hour away. Moisten the ends of your hair with cologne before rolling them up. Cologne dries faster than water and leaves a delicious fragrance.—*Judith Rachelle, New York, N. Y.*

Joolery Foolery—One of the best ways to use those darling little sea shells is to put a hole in the top of each and string them on a ribbon. Trim the edges with nail polish, and you have a shore hit necklace.—*Emma Wilson, Mount Zion, W. Va.* Speaking of necklaces, how about treating your hair to a new kind of bandeau? Take one of your necklaces which is rather flat and place it around your head like a ribbon. If it's one of your super-

long necklaces, tie it beneath your curls and anchor with a bobby pin if necessary. If it's short, attach a narrow ribbon to the ends and tie. It's really ornamental.—Leatrice Spindler, Marietta, Ohio. Here's a ringer—a lucky idea for the unlucky girl who has lost the stone in her favorite ring. Cut the face from a snapshot, and glue it in.—Margaret Knechtel, Kitchener, Ont. Ankles are going to town, too. Just to mask the bare facts, two gold key chains from the dime store fasten together for a sleek ankle bracelet. You might make it twins and add another to your wrist.—Ruth Simon, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Be Autographic!—You can type-set your name on your hair ribbons by placing them in a typewriter, and typing out your name and any other vital statistics you want to add. Fold the ribbon so that it will fit in the typewriter—the width of a piece of notebook paper will be about right—and then proceed just as if it were paper. Better experiment on an old scrap of material, though, so that you get the knack of holding it steadily in place.—Ruth Le Beau, Troy, N. Y. If you prefer the handmade touch, embroider your name or favorite saying on your head band.—Betty Jo Hicks, Americus, Ga. A graphic new trick is to have your friends put their thumb prints under their signatures. Use indelible ink on a plain, colored kerchief or hankie.—Kathryn Nelson, Gothenburg, Nebr. Your gloves hand out ten chances to collect autographs. Have the crowd sign the fingers. Then you embroider the autographs in different colors. Do them so they're legible thumbs up.—Sally Lawler, Rochester, N. Y. Maybe your dirndl skirts need a midsummer pick-up. Sew name tapes around the bottom, waist band, and top of pockets, if any.—Barbara Schiffman, New Haven, Conn. Rickrack writing can be as bold and splashy as you like. Sew your name in rickrack along the bottom or slanting down the front of a skirt.—Betty Meyer, New Braunfels, Tex.

\$1 will be paid for each Trick for Teens published

We want new and different tricks. Start dreaming them up and send in as many as you like. Winners are chosen for originality and for probable interest to other girls. Address Tricks for Teens, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y. All entries become the property of CALLING ALL GIRLS. They cannot be acknowledged or returned.

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Colors: Kelly green felt banding with choice of red, gold, pink, or white flowers.

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I don't even need the picture, to know *this* is the girl!

Look at that letter. Read it! (You can read it, too!) She writes the way a girl talks, tells you stuff, makes you laugh . . .

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A girl risks her reputation for being smooth and smart if she goes all over sloppy by mail. Fine letter paper—words simply said—make a good letter.

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Eaton's
FINE LETTER PAPERS

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LET'S TALK THINGS OVER

(Continued from page 18)

they are doing this to keep a friendly basis with me so I can continue helping them with trig., history, etc., or whether they really want to be friends. —Catherine P.; aged 16, Ohio.

CATHERINE wants to be accepted as an equal, on a level with others, in simple and natural friendliness. In this she is exactly like many other young people who share the same kinds of doubts.

For instance, there are girls who wonder if they are made much of or sought after because they have nice older brothers. Most of us have known individuals who are always ready to do a favor, generously share a bit of good fortune, or run endless errands. Unfortunately, such people may sometimes be fussed over for what they can give rather than for themselves. And this kind of thing is certainly hard to take.

But there are times when we may be unduly suspicious. This might be due to excessive shyness, modesty, or touchiness. Catherine, as a Negro girl, may be particularly sensitive because of the unjust social distinctions that are so often made between white and colored folks. It is true that some well-meaning people make the mistake of bending over backwards, in an effort to be particularly friendly to individuals who belong to certain minority groups, just to show that they are not among the prejudiced!

Catherine could give her friends the benefit of the doubt and try to believe that they really mean to be friends and want to accept her for what she is. All self-respecting people want to be treated as human beings of equal dignity and worth without regard to the accident of birth, race, nationality, social set, or special gifts. Believing her friends and taking them at face value should, in time, permit Catherine's pals to see her as she is and to accept her for her own fine qualities as a valued friend.

No ration coupon needed—and they'll match you and Mommy to your toe-tips! Smart as the crack of a whip in brilliant California sun-tones...hand-lasted to a nimble, long-wearing sole specially California-constructed to cushion, cradle your feet! Mommy's, 4.95—Yours, 4.45 at your favorite store or write

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GROWING PAINS

(Continued from page 15)

Mother said, "What are you looking for?" And I said, "My shoe." And she said, "You're carrying it in your hand." So I said, "I mean my other shoe." So we looked and looked until finally she said, "Why, there it is, on your foot." And sure enough, there it was. Not only had I forgotten putting it on but I couldn't see it when it was on.

One day I became really worried. And I said to Mom, "Do you think I ought to see the doctor? My eyesight is failing, my memory has gone bad, I can't walk without falling down, I can't pick up a thing

without dropping it, and I don't seem to enjoy my meals any more. The only food that appeals to me is candy and ice cream. Do you think it's serious?"

And then she said, "No, it isn't serious. You are suffering from a very common ailment. It's called fourteenitis."

"Is that bad?" I said.

"Fourteenitis," Mom told me, "just means you are suffering from being fourteen."

So there is the story of my strange malady. If any of you have had it you will be able to sympathize. To those who haven't had it yet I will say this: The only treatment is plenty of fresh air and exercise. Eat plenty of green vege-

tables. Eat a great deal of candy and ice cream—any given quantity. Pick up your feet when you walk. Try putting on a pair of shin guards before you attempt to go up or down a flight of stairs. And when handling dishes or breakables, put a large bushel basket, well padded, on the floor at your feet. That is absolutely the only safe way.

There is only one known cure, Mom says. And that, oddly enough, is by contracting another ailment known as fifteenitis. Dad says that is even more serious and he doubts if he will live through it. He says it's much worse than fourteenitis, but the symptoms are different. I wouldn't know—yet.

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Fighting men look forward to that home-world where friendliness and hospitality are summed up in the familiar phrase *Have a "Coke"*. Be sure and get Coca-Cola for your icebox at home. From Atlanta to the Seven Seas, Coca-Cola stands for *the pause that refreshes*,—has become a global symbol of good will and of good living.



It's natural for popular names to acquire friendly abbreviations. That's why you hear Coca-Cola called "Coke".



Marie McDonald

Featured
in Hunt Stromberg's
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keep it lovely for Him!

When your "Johnny" comes marching home, look your prettiest for his sake! And remember, your favorite hair-do can now have the added loveliness this old American beauty secret gives to any coiffure—hair so gorgeously soft and radiant that he will gasp with delight the next time he sees you!

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It's Not as Bad as You Think!

And we are not being Pollyanna-ish! You are not judged by your glasses or by the braces on your teeth. The impression you make is up to you

By LOUISE CARLISLE
Good Looks Editor

YOU may never learn to love your glasses or those tiresome gold bands on your teeth, but you can persuade other people that you're attractive in spite of them. And you can be attractive if you wear them with an air! The very first rule is to act as if you didn't consider them unpleasant. Your public attaches no more importance to your "handicaps" than you appear to do yourself. In place of self-consciousness, a blithe what-of-it manner on your part will make observers forget to observe!

Don't kid yourself—you'd probably look lots worse without your glasses! Why? Because most people who have poor vision look strained without them or they squint or frown—both very unattractive expressions. By wearing the proper glasses, you give your eyes a chance to sparkle naturally, to open wide, to see what's going on in the world.



And nowadays, glasses can be positively decorative. We've met lots of gals lately who don't need them, but are so enchanted with those red pixy specs that they wear them with plain glass! Take a tip from them—why not wear your corrective lenses in high-style frames? Choose a shape and a color to suit your face, and your type. Nobody can tell you which will be most becoming; you have to try them on just like hats. Your optician has dozens of different styles of frames that you can try on in front of his mirror, including plenty that are inexpensive but interesting.

Be daring with color—but don't forget that your glasses have to be worn with all your clothes. Those snazzy red or green frames are fun, but do they fit your wardrobe? Neutral or pastel shades are generally most adaptable. Blue or aqua can bring out the sparkling color of blue eyes, or perhaps you like a peach tint that flatters your skin. How about tawny imitation shell to play up red lights in your hair, or amber for a honey blonde?

Are you a girl who wears glasses? There's no reason why that should floor you. See some reasons why in our new leaflet, "Through a Glass Brightly." Send a stamped, addressed legal-size envelope to Good Looks Department 4, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.



BRACE UP!

It won't last forever—and think of those even, pearly teeth you'll flash someday. Okay, we know that's for the future. For now, the thing for you to do is to smile. You don't fool anybody by clamping your lips over the bands — people know you've got 'em, and a grim grip of your lips probably just leads innocent bystanders to think you are disagreeable. So smile and shine up the gold and try to make the best of it.

If the girls your age in your crowd use lipstick, there's no reason you shouldn't use it, too, but a light, natural color, of course. If you are not ready for lipstick, be sure to use pomade or camphor ice to keep your lips smooth — somehow they seem more likely to be dry if you wear braces.

Need we mention that your teeth should be brushed faithfully with a good dentifrice and that the wires or bands should be cleaned as your dentist advises? A mouth wash helps keep your taste

sweet. It's worth-while to devote a couple of minutes after each meal to your toothbrush — then you are not likely to risk "unpleasant breath"; or to make those ugly faces, as your tongue seeks caught food, that you wishfully think nobody notices; or, worse yet, to prod with a surreptitious fingernail.

And don't forget, people take you at your own evaluation—so always make it a good high one!



Are You in the Know?



What is she doing?

- Playing with dolls
- Studying Fashion Design
- Learning puppetry

In writing your soldier, do you —

- Reveal about your dates
- Tell him your troubles
- "Talk" to him as you always did

Got a knack with the needle? Good style sense? Fashion design offers a rosy future! Meanwhile, join Home Ec and Art classes. And as shown here, practice fashion design with miniature models. Fashion, you know, inspired the flat, pressed ends of Kotex. This is a patented Kotex feature — ends that don't show because they're not stubby. You can wear the clingingest creation with nary a telltale line!

Don't be a tear jerk...or killjoy! "Talk" to him gaily...give with the latest gag. Let your heart have a word, about the talks, walks, dances you shared. You'll be glad you didn't break those dates, when your calendar said "stay home." You didn't — for you'd learned Kotex isn't like other napkins...doesn't just "feel soft" at first touch. That Kotex is more comfortable because it stays soft while wearing.

Should you try this if you are —

- Shy
- On the prowl
- A five by five

Each answer is right, and here's why. Any active sport unshells the timid soul — pares down excessa poundage. And for date bait, it's wizard! So, play up—even on "tryng days". With Kotex sanitary napkins you can say goodbye to little nagging worries. For Kotex has no wrong side to cause accidents. And the special Kotex safety center give you worry-proof protection.



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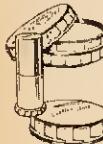
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With Stadium Girl Cake Make-up your complexion appears lovelier, more romantic than ever... a truly enchanting skin beauty that remains soft and natural for hours. Then, too, remember Stadium Girl Cake Make-up hides those tiny, annoying skin faults and brings about an overall complexion of warm overtones—thrillingly glamorous.

Try this sensational new cake make-up. You'll find new glamour in one of these flattering shades—Natural, Rachel, Brunette, Golden Tan.

The modern plastic, waterproof Stadium Girl case makes a beautiful purse accessory. You'll want to carry it with you at all times.

Wherever you find Stadium Girl Cake Make-up, you'll find these other equally fine cosmetics—Stadium Girl Lip Make-up, Stadium Girl Cheek Make-up.



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six shades, 10¢-25¢

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DATELESS DATES

Even with no date in the offing to squire
you about, there's still plenty of fun to be had—
but think twice about how you have it

By MARTHA ROSS

NO matter what you might say, there are two ways about it. There are places you can go and things you can do with an escort and then there are some of those same places you can't go and things you just can't do without one.

Of course, on school nights the problem doesn't come up, but let's take stock of what's to do and what's taboo when the summer moon beckons.



Take a walk? A fine idea, but keep walking. Don't stop to spotlight yourself conspicuously. And unless you're with a group, keep an eye on the time so you can make home base before too late. Ladies in the dark need to be escorted.

In town to the movies? That's best for afternoons. Don't other lone gals in the big-city ebb and flow look out of place? Multiply your opinion by the general public and you get public opinion; when it's bad, you can be a dead pigeon.



Go to a local movie? If it's on your family okay-list, good. But if you laugh and whisper, you may think you're showing what a wonderful time you're having, while all others are impressed by what a wonderful show you're keeping them from hearing! You're missing a lot, too.



So Sally always puts you in the shade—

WHAT MAKES HER
A BALL OF FIRE
AND YOU A TOTAL
ECLIPSE?



To the corner for a soda? Right, if it's the informal type of place people do drop in. But for anything more elaborate than that, you can see you should have an escort to deal with both waiter and check. When you go to the local soda dispensary, remember that by the way you handle the check you can mark yourself as a person with or without social know-how. Dutch treat is usually easiest for girls alone, but if someone wants to treat, it's all right to suggest paying your share. Don't insist, though; accept gracefully. Haggling over checks is definitely off the beam.

Dance? Yes, if you belong to a club that's set up as a place for you and your girl-friend to dance a bit, like a teen town or a church young people's hangout or a Y center. If you have no made-to-order hall, the four walls of your family living room would be a definitely more becoming background for your all-feminine jitterbugging.



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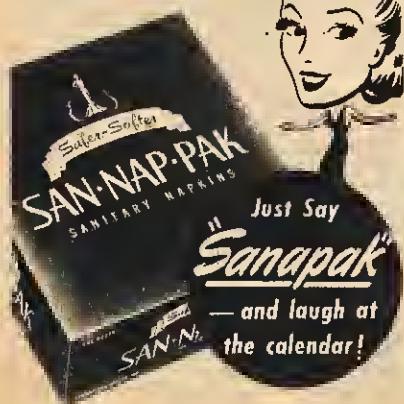
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SAN-NAP-PAK
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... REQUIRES FEWER
CHANGES!



HOW TO TAKE BETTER PICTURES

(Continued from page 11)

Figures 6 and 7 are simple examples of this. Notice how the roads, fences, and trees seem to lead your eye into the picture to the houses.

If you were to draw two imaginary lines in each direction across your picture area like the lines in Figure 8, the best place for your central point of interest would be near one of the points a, b, c, or d—much better than in the middle. The horizon should roughly follow one of the lines, either above or below the middle, instead of neatly cutting the picture in two equal parts.

A figure or two will add life and zest to pictorial shots. Make sure the people are "going into" or "looking into" your scene. Notice this in Figure 9, whereas in Figure 10 you lose interest in the view and wonder what the boy is looking at so intently beyond the range of the camera. Trees and beautiful clouds can often be used to "frame" your picture and add to its interest. But if you want good pictures of clouds, you must use a filter.

A medium yellow filter called a "K-2" is good for this, but you will have to increase the exposure when you use it. If you buy one, ask your photo dealer how much increase in exposure you will have to make with the particular film you are using, though that information is usually given in the instructions which come with the film. You can also get what is known as a sky filter, which is really only half a filter and does not affect the exposure time. It is very easy to use, but the regular filter will give better results. Before you buy a filter, make sure that it fits your camera.

Don't take all your pictures with the sun directly behind you. Often your shadow will then loom up in the foreground of your picture. Side lighting is usually better, and interesting results can be achieved with back lighting—shooting almost directly into the sun! When trying that, have your

camera in the shade or carefully shield the lens from the direct rays of the sun. Professionals almost always use a lens shade whether they are taking into the sun or not.

BE YOUR OWN SEVEREST CRITIC. When you get your prints from the finisher, forget for a moment that they are yours. Look at them critically and analyze them. Are they really good? Do they tell the story you want them to tell? How is the lighting, the composition? Are they simple and direct or are they filled with a lot of distracting nonessentials? Was your viewpoint the best possible? Carefully go over all the good and bad features. Study pictures in magazines, newspapers, and advertisements, and compare your pictures with them. Professional photographers almost always crop or trim their photographs. Perhaps just a part of your picture, if it were enlarged, would be much better than the whole. Learn from your successes as well as your mistakes. Know what to do as well as what not to do!

Taking your camera with you as often as you can is a good habit to form if you want to take better pictures. Be alive to the interesting possibilities in the people and the scenes around you. Some of the best photographs have been the result of quick thinking and preparedness at unexpected times. But never forget that film is scarce. Another word of caution—many buildings and areas are restricted now, while we are at war, and cameras are forbidden near them. If you have any doubts, play safe and leave your camera at home. Never take pictures of military or defense subjects. Remember that most large factories and industrial plants are now classified as military objectives.

Happy picture-hunting! With these know-how suggestions in mind, and your camera in hand, you can see the world from your very own point of view. It's yours for the taking!



Linda Allen, National Director of the CALLING ALL GIRLS Club.

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Junior Housekeeping

(Continued from page 33)



COOL
TO MAKE AND TO EAT

A MOLDED cottage cheese ring is like a good basic dress: by changing the accessories you can make it a completely different dish. The recipe on page 33 calls for garnishing the ring with mixed fruit, but vegetables make a fine filling—and a good way to use up leftovers, too.

Canned tomato soup changes its shape to become another molded salad.

Served with hot biscuits and honey, this salad becomes the main course of a summer lunch.

TOMATO SOUP SALAD

2 cups canned tomato soup
1/4 teaspoon salt
1 package cream cheese or 1/2 cup cottage cheese
1 tablespoon minced onion
1 tablespoon butter or margarine
1 package lemon gelatine or jelly powder
1/2 cup mayonnaise or salad dressing
1/2 cup cream
1/2 cup stuffed olives, sliced
6 small sweet pickles, chopped

Heat the soup in top part of double boiler, over boiling water. Add salt, cream cheese (or cottage cheese), minced onion, and butter. Heat until cheese is softened, add gelatine and stir until dissolved. Cool, add mayonnaise or salad dressing, cream, and olives. Turn into clean mold and chill. When firm, slip knife around the mold, turn ring onto serving dish. Garnish with lettuce and serve with mayonnaise or salad dressing sprinkled with chopped pickles. Serves 6.

Do you like these cool salad meals? Well, there are lots more. Recipes for more salads and for a vegetable filling to go in a cheese ring are given in Junior Housekeeping Leaflet No. 11, "Serve a Super Salad." If you want it, send stamped, self-addressed envelope to Junior Housekeeping Department 11, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, New York

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ALLIES IN THE PINES

(Continued from page 6)
and a few small logs will do. There ought to be some dry branches lying around. Not dead ones, though. Let me take care of getting the tent poles. I'm used to pushing around in the woods. Back soon."

Anne grinned at her. "I wonder what she's snickering about," Joan thought, uncomfortably.

She was lucky in her search. She found three discarded tent poles thrown into the bush. A fallen sapling needed only its branches lopped off. She had only one more to find—that young pine tree looked about the right size. She started chopping it.

Anne and Sheila heard her shout. They came crashing through the underbrush and found her clutching her bleeding leg.

"The axe slipped," Joan said through clenched teeth.

"Hold everything," Anne said, as she eased Joan into a comfortable position, half sitting and half lying.

Sheila acted with speedy efficiency. She tore off her scarf and found a stick and made a tourniquet. Swiftly she fastened it above Joan's knee. Then she took off her white shirt and unhesitatingly tore a broad strip from it, folded the strip and laid it on the wound. The bandage looked neat and expert, Joan thought as the tension in her jaw relaxed.

"A bomb splinter did just this to my brother's leg," Sheila explained. "It was during the Battle of Britain. It was lucky I'd just got that far in my first aid course because there was no one else to fix him up."

Joan listened, her eyes huge. "Your mother . . .?" she asked.

"Father had been brought back from Dieppe. Mummy got permission from the war office where she works to visit him at the hospital. There was a raid . . ."

"Gosh," Joan said, suddenly feeling very small and silly about her all-day sulk.

Joan put her arms around their shoulders and the two

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Do you go to public school? or

private school?
Do you do any paid work? Yes No

If "yes," what? and

about how many hours a week?

To which of these groups, if any, do you belong? (Write in any to which you belong that are not listed.)

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.....

Do you take part in any community or neighborhood activity for young people, such as a "Teen Canteen," "Hobby House," etc.? Yes No

If "yes," what is it called?

How many girls belong to it?

How many boys?

Which magazines do you read most regularly? (Please list in order of preference, and check in the boxes which ones you buy yourself.)

1. *C26*

2. *Good Housekeeping*

3. *Seventeen*

4. *Life*

(Continued on reverse side)

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- Tricks for Teens
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Do you like it? Yes No

Tell us, please, what we can add to the
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girls half carried her back to the camping spot. Even in her misery she couldn't help being surprised about the workman-like fire Anne had built and about the neat canvas shelter Sheila had rigged up for their supplies. Even the canoes had been turned upside down and tied to a tree for added safety.

The girls lowered her under a tree, and covered her with a blanket. The wind had found their side of the island and brought with it a few drops of rain.

"You just rest for a while right there, Joan," said Anne. "Sheila and I'll fix the tent in a jiffy."

Joan opened her mouth to give instructions, and then clapped it shut. There she'd been bossing them around ever since they started and perhaps these two weren't so dumb after all.

"There are four tent poles all ready, back there," she said, "and I think I had the fifth one practically chopped when I chopped me, instead."

Joan sat under the pine and listened to the uneven shuffle of raindrops on the upper branches. It wasn't going to pour, she figured, watching the clear sky over the opposite shore; but the wind hadn't slackened. It certainly was lucky Sheila knew first aid. Sheila and Anne were coming through the bush, the tent poles on their shoulders.

"I've camped dozens of times with my dad and kid brothers in the Adirondacks," Anne was telling Sheila. "Dad made me do as much as the boys. He said he didn't want any helpless females around. Our canoe trips were just about like this, only no one ever chopped herself for a tent pole. You may not have been camping before, but your first aid is an addition to any trip."

"My father spent a couple of years in Canada once and he used to tell us loads about the north land," Sheila said. "I was so thrilled when the camp decided to take an English girl for vacation and I was selected. You know, I could bring only

five pounds out here from England and so little money doesn't stretch very far. Only I feel foolish not knowing anything—but I expect I'll learn."

"Hi, kid," Anne called to Joan, mimicking Jack Bjornsen's voice. "We'll have everything set pronto."

Joan grinned up at her. "Hi!" And then she blushed in her turn. "I've been an idiot all day," she said swiftly, "but I've twigged to myself. I think this is going to be the best trip I've ever had. We're going to have loads of fun—that is—I mean . . ."

The other two turned and looked at her and smiles began to appear on their faces.

"I guess we'll get along," Anne said happily.

Sheila's eyes were friendly and merry. She was loosening the tourniquet on Joan's leg and she drawled an imitation of Anne imitating an English accent.

"I expect we'll muddle through."

"Good gosh!" Joan said. "We've forgotten all about Miss Walters—and she even had a first aid kit!"

And suddenly they were all laughing together.

When later Miss Walters woke up, the tent was up, the provisions stored, a neat pile of firewood laid, and the three allies were sitting happily around the campfire waiting for the kettle to boil. The wind had shifted slowly while they were too busy talking to notice, and the air had become clear and cool.

"It's just as I dreamed it would be," Anne thought.

Joan was saying, "We are allowed to go to the square dance. Won't it be fun, though? I may not be so spry on my patched-up leg, but you two can make up for me. We'll be quite international. Anne's American, Jack's people are Norwegian, Joe's an Indian . . ."

"You a Canadian, Sheila English, and I'll ask Dick, too, so that Americans will be in the majority," Anne grinned.

"And I'll dance with Joe," Sheila murmured softly.

NOTE: If you could send us a snapshot of yourself and one of your home, we'd like to have them. That would add a lot to our "composite picture" of CALLING ALL GIRLS readers. Be sure to write your name, address, and age on the back of each snapshot you send. Sorry, we won't be able to return the pictures to you.

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- Assuring personal cleanliness and hygiene; check list.
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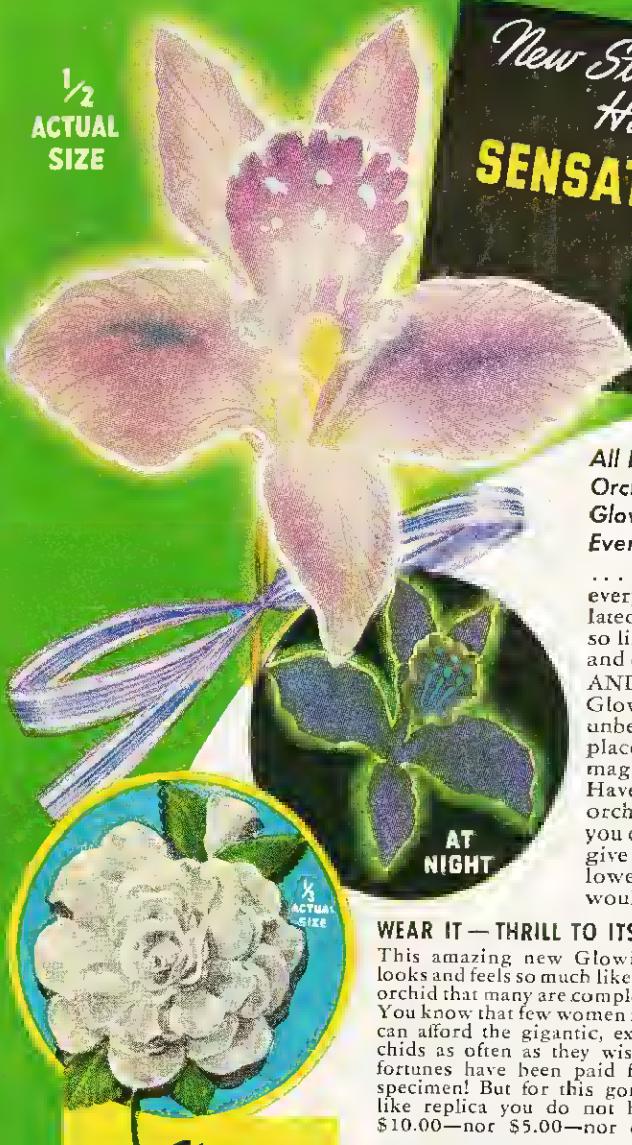
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Under our special offer to introduce quickly, you actually pay only \$1.00! Think what this means! You don't risk one penny. We will send you your Glowing Orchid to see and feel, wear and enjoy—and if you are not amazed and delighted, if your friends don't envy your splendid possession, you need only return it to us.

SEND NO MONEY—Merely Mail Coupon

All you need do is to pay the postman \$1.00 plus postage, when your Glowing Orchid arrives. See for yourself how lovely it is. Place it in your hair, or on any costume. See it take on an exciting, strangely beautiful glow in the dark. Then, if you can bear to part with it, you can mail it right back to us, and your money will be refunded quick as the mails can carry it. That's a generous, fair offer, isn't it? Act on it today—this very minute while this is before you. Fill out and mail coupon NOW!



INTRODUCTORY OFFER MAIL COUPON NOW

CHARMS & CAIN, Dept. 63-J
407 So. Dearborn St., Chicago 5, Illinois
Please send me Glowing Flowers as marked:

...Glowing Orchids ...Glowing Gardenias
(Indicate above how many of each you desire.)

NOTE: You may select either Flower or any assortment. Be sure to mark quantity

1 Glowing Flower: \$1.00 3 at one time. \$2.50

2 at one time, ...\$1.70 7 at one time. ...\$5.00

Upon delivery I will pay postman the proper amount plus a few cents postage and C. O. D. Charges.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

(Postage prepaid if cash or money order is enclosed)

CHARMS & CAIN, Dept. 63-J
407 S. Dearborn Street
Chicago 5, Illinois



Calling All Girls

31 (1944)

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